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CYMBALUM

M U N D I:

OR

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SATYRICAL DIALOGUES

On Various SUBJECTS.

BY

K.

Bonaventure des Perriers

GENTLEMAN of the BED CHAMBER to

MARGUERITE de VALOIS

QUEEN of NAVARRE.

WITH A

CRITICAL LETTER

Containing the HISTORY and ANALYSIS
of the WORK, together with an APOLOGY
for it.

Done into ENGLISH from the ORIGINAL.

L O N D O N:

Printed by T. SHARPE, for J. NEWTON in
Little-Britain. MDCCXXIII.

CYMBALUM

MUNDI

OR

SATYRICAL

On Various Subjects



Bonaventuræ des Perriers

CHANCELLOR of the BED CHAMBER to

MARGUERITE DE VALOIS

QUEEN of NAVARRÉ.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

CYMBALUM MUNDI; of which I here give a New Edition; is a Work known but to very few. Mr. BAYLE, who has a long Article upon it, in his *Dictionnaire Critique*, * ingenuously confesses there, that he never saw it. The Book is indeed, extremely scarce; and I know but of two Exemplars of it in *Paris*; one in the King's Library, and the other which was among the Books of Messieurs BIGOT of *Roissy*, which were sold at *Paris* in 1706. This Exemplar is not mention'd in the *Catalogue* of that famous Library, which I then

a 2

drew

CYMBALUM

MUNDI

OR

SATYRICAL

ON Various Subjects



Bonaventura des Perriers

Chaplain of the Bed Chamber to

Marguerite de Valois

QUEEN of NAVARRÉ

WITH A

CRITICAL LETTER

Containing the History and Analysis
of the WORK, together with the Apology

1694

Translated into English from the Original

LONDON

Printed by T. Sharpe, for J. Newton in
Anne's Year, MDCXCIII.



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a 2 drew

drew up, because it was bound up in a Collection of several Pieces, and so escap'd my Notice.

THE Person to whose share it fell, was so very joyful when he discover'd it, and made so much ado about his good Luck, that it awaken'd the Curiosity of a great many, so that several Manuscript Copies were requested of him, which he readily granted; this did not a little contribute to compensate for the Scarcity of the Printed Exemplar.

I myself, among others, was desirous of seeing this Work; and having read the Exemplar in the King's Library, which was lent me by a certain Friend, * who was intrusted with it; I was extremely surpriz'd to find, that it did by no means answer the Character that had been given it, of being one of the most detestable and pernicious Pieces of Writing, that ever appear'd in the World; and that it was no other than a Book stuff'd with *Atheism* and *Impiety*,

* Mr. G. O. L. à P.

Impiety, as almost every one that had spoken of it, had affirm'd.

THIS made me give it another Reading, in order to find out on what Foundation their Accusations were built. I found they all depended upon common Report alone; and I observ'd that the Authors of them, had almost all servilely copied one another; and that the most part of them had never seen the Work itself, which some of them confess.

From these several Remarks, and some others besides, I compos'd the LETTER which is immediately after the *Table* following this *Advertisement*; in which I endeavour'd to justify the Book from the Charge laid upon it, in my Opinion, with the greatest Injustice that ever was. 'Tis as I then wrote it, * under the feign'd Name of FELIX DE COMMERCY, § which

* In October, 1706.

§ I had then several Reasons for thus disguising my Name; and I design'd, even when I begun this Edition, to conceal myself under the same Mask; but understanding afterwards, that some Persons, for what Reasons I know not, did my *Letter* the Honour to ascribe it to Mr. DE LA MONNOYE; I thought myself oblig'd to let my Name to it, that he might not be responsible for what Faults might be discover'd in it.

which is a Disguise of my own, by means of which, I got several Persons to read it, whose Taste I was very desirous of consulting. I except however several Places, which I have now either alter'd, or enlarg'd; as for Example, Note, in *pag. xi*, where I quote Mr. PLACCIVS, whose Book I had not before seen; and the Note in *pag. xxxi*. which I have taken from a Book not then publish'd.

As for CYMBALUM MUNDI, I have nothing more to say of it, after what I have said in my *Letter*, but that I have got it Printed as exactly as was possible, by a Copy taken from the Exemplar in the King's Library; and that it is a Piece less remarkable for any thing that is in it, than for the Reputation which the several Authors have given it, that have spoken concerning it.

I do here fairly confess, that I had some difficulty in resolving to reprint this Work, fearing least the disadvantageous Reputation

tion which it has hitherto had, might stir up against me the false Zeal of those, who never care to quit an Opinion which they have once embrac'd, though ever so unreasonable and ill grounded. But considering after all, that to condescend to the Weakness of those who give themselves up to vulgar Prejudices, was undervaluing *Good Sense* and *Reason*, and tacitly accusing all Persons that ever Renounc'd an Error; and being further encourag'd by the Advice of wise and thinking Men who observ'd to me, that for the sake of a few Persons of a confin'd and narrow Spirit, it was not just to hinder a great Number of Readers of solid Sense, from the perusal of this Work, to whom it would, without doubt, prove very agreeable.

I give it in its old Language, contrary to the Opinion of some, who advis'd me to put it into *modern French*; not considering, that to take away from such Works, the Grace and Simplicity of their old Expressions, is robbing them of what is most agree-

agreeable; and moreover, that this Piece
is written with such Delicacy and Puri-
ty, as would occasion a Doubt whether
it is so old as it really is, did we not know
the exact Time at which it was written.



THE
I give it in its old Language, contrary
to the Opinion of some, who advise me
to put it into modern Verse; not consid-
ering, that to take away from such Works
the Simplicity of their old Ex-
pressions is robbing them of what is most
agreeable.



THE
PREFACE.

Think it may be said,
that there is no Accusati-
on that is fallen into
greater Abuse, than that of Athe-
ism. Abundance of narrow Souls,
or ill-natur'd People, fix it upon
all those who affirm only the great
and sublime Truths of solid Meta-
physicks, and the general Doctrines
of the Scriptures. They would
feign oblige 'em moreover to adopt
A all

The P R E F A C E.

all the particular Articles which they are used to recommend over and over to the People: All that dare deviate from that Road, are Infidels and Libertines. Thus it was that Des Perriers first incurred this evil Imputation, which was afterwards heightened and aggravated, even by those who never saw his Book. He ridicul'd such as abus'd the Greatness of God by the Conduct which they ascrib'd to him, and by the weak Reasons they alledg'd; and he has been unjustly call'd an Atheist, though it cannot be inferr'd from any thing he wrote, but that he might have as sublime an Idea of God as ever was imagin'd: That agreeable way which he took to contradict
such

The PREFACE.

such erring Minds, as by their Arguments weaken the Truths they would confirm, occasion'd some prejudic'd Persons, especially of the Romish Clergy, to take this Effect of his Openness and Candour, for an ill Liberty. Tho' he gave Testimonies of his Virtue and Piety in his other Works. I think after what has been said in the following Apology, 'tis needless to urge any thing more in Defence of this little Book, which has made so much Noise in the World; and I shall only inform the Reader, that I made it the Employment of some Leisure Hours, when I was lately at Oxford, to put it into an English Dress, and that I have as closely followed

THE PREFACE.

followed the Original, as the difference of Idiom, and the Humour of Dialogue would permit me.





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A
LETTER

TO

Mr. B, P; & G.

Concerning the B O O K Entitled,

CYMBALUM MUNDI.

S I R,



WITH great Pleasure I perform my
Promise of t'other Day, to give you
my Sentiments of CYMBALUM
MUNDI. It is a little Work, more
Curious for the Reputation it has acquired
from the Authors who have spoken of it, than
it is distinguishable on account of it's own Merit

B

or

or the Matter it treats of. It must not however, by any means be deny'd, but it is very agreeably written, and very wittily contrived, with Regard to the Time in which the Author liv'd. (a) In short, 'tis a fine and delicate Satyre, which several modern Authors have Copyed in Part, without acquainting their Readers thereof: And we see but few Works of the same Age, written with such a Purity of Stile, and with so much Art and Genius; so true is it, that the Productions of Persons of distinguish'd Wit, do in all Ages carry with them a Stamp that distinguishes them from baser Compositions. I send you, according to my Promise, the Remarks which I have made upon this little Book; and that I might observe some Order, I have divided them into three Parts. In the first, you see what is the common Opinion of CYMBALUM MUNDI, who is its Author, in what Language it was written, and the several Editions of it. In the Second, that you may be able to form a Judgment of it your self, I have taken the Pains to draw out an Analysis of it: And in the Third, I endeavour to vindicate it from the ill-grounded Accusations it has undergone; and after having examin'd what the several Authors who have spoken of it, alledge, I answer their several Charges.

(a) About the YEAR 1533.

THOSE

I.

THOSE who speak of *Cymbalum Mundi*, call it, almost all of them, a *detestable Book*, (b) an *impious Book*, (c) and a *Book which deserves to be thrown into the Fire, together with its Author*. (d)

THIS is an Opinion so generally receiv'd, that it should seem unreasonable to depart from it. I shall not here examine whether it be well or ill grounded, or whether those who have spoken so disadvantageously of this WORK, have advanced their Judgment upon such Proofs as are indispensably requisite in an Affair of this kind : This we shall see in another Place. I shall only add here, that they have so scandaliz'd it, that every Body believes it to be a Book stuff'd with *Libertenism* and *Atheism*, and, in a Word, as pernicious to the full, as the famous Book *De tribus Impostoribus*, if there ever was such a one, could possibly be.

THE Author of *Cymbalum Mundi*, is
BONAVENTURE DES PERRIERS, a Na-
B 2 tive

(b) HENRY STEPHENS Apol. pour Herodote Edit. sur les Halles in 8vo p. 249 & 332. LA CROIX DU MAINE Bibliotheq. Françoisé p. 36. CHASSANION, Histoires Memorables des Punitions Etrangés, p. 170. *The Exemplar of CYMBALUM MUNDI in the King's Library*, SPIZELIJ Scrutinium Atheismi, p. 56. & Felix litteratus p. 124.

(c) LA CROIX DU MAINE, Bibliot. Franc. p. 36, CATHERINOT, L'Art d'imprimer p. 8. BAYLE Diction. Critique, Edition de 1702. p. 2380.

(d) ESTIENNE PASQUIER, Lettres, Tom. I, in 8vo p. 493.

tive of *Bar-Sur-Aube* in *Burgundy*: (e) Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber to MARGUERITE DE VALOIS, Queen of *Navarre*, and Sister of FRANCIS I. (f)

THERE are other Works of his, in Prose and Verse, namely

The Andria of TERENCE translated in Verse, Printed at Lyons (g).

The Song of MOSES (translated into French) Printed with JEAN POICTIVEN's Translation of the Psalms. (h)

A Collection of his Works, Printed at Lyons for Jean de Tours, in 1544. (i)

New Recreations and merry Devices, Printed at Lyons, for Robert Granjon, in a French Letter,

(e) Or of Ambrunois, according to ALLARD, *Bibliothèque du Dauphiné* p. 172.

(f) HENRY STEPHENS, *Apol. pour Herodote*, p. 249, 332. LA CROIX DU MAINE, *Biblioth. Franc.* p. 36. ANT. DU VERDIER, *Bibliot. Franc.* p. 130. EST. PASQUIER, *Lettres*, Tom. I. p. 493. CATHERINOT, *l'Art d'imprimer* p. 8. BAYLE *Diction. Critiq.* p. 2380. *The Exemplar in the King's Library.*

(g) LA CROIX DU MAINE, *Biblioth. Franc.* p. 36. BAYLE *Dict. Critiq.* p. 2380.

(h) DU VERDIER *Biblioth. Franc.* p. 131.

(i) DU VERDIER *Biblioth. Franc.* p. 131. *Where he enumerates all the Pieces therein contained.* BAYLE *Diction. Critiq.* p. 2380. *This Collection which Mr. BAYLE takes notice of, is in 8vo; it was publish'd by ANTOINE DU MOULIN, a Friend of DES PERRIERS, to whom he addresses some of his Pieces. Besides his French Poems, there is in this Collection, a Translation of the Lysis of PLATO, with some other Pieces in Prose. It appears by an Advertisement to the Reader, annex'd to this Collection, that since the Printing his Book, several other Pieces of his were discover'd, which the Printer promises to add to the next Edition; but I know not whether they ever were Printed.*

Letter, in 1558. in 8vo, and at Paris for Galliot du Pré, in 1564, in 16°. (k)

And an *Apology* for MAROT absent, against SAGON, (l) *Printed at Lyons by Pierre de Ste Lucie. (m)*

I have met with no Account of the Life of this Author, except that he died a miserable Death, stabbing himself with his own Sword. (n) 'Tis uncertain exactly, at what Time that Accident happen'd. Certain it is, that he was alive in 1539, as appears by an Account which he wrote in Verse, of a Journey which the Court took from *Lyons* to *Notre Dame de l'Isle*, the fifteenth of *May* 1539, (o) and that he was dead the first of *August*, 1544, for ANTOINE DU MOULIN, his Friend, Dedicated the *Collection of his Works* which he got Printed at *Lyons*, to the Queen of *Navarre*. (p)

THERE

(k) LA CROIX DU MAINE, *Bibliot. Fr.* p. 36. DU VERDIER *Bibliot. Fr.* p. 131. BAYLE, *Dict. Crit.* p. 2380. *This is a Collection of Tales, and Conceits, which according to PASQUIER, Lettres Tom. I. p. 493, is not inferior to the Latin Conceits of POGIUS the Florentine; it was reprinted several times at Paris, Lyons, Roven, &c.*

(l) ALLARD. *Bibliothèque du Dauphiné.* p. 172. BAYLE *Diction. Crit.* p. 2380.

(m) DU VERDIER. *Biblioth. Franc.* p. 131.

(n) HENRY STEPHENS, *Apol. pour Herod.* p. 249. 332. LA CROIX DU MAINE, *Bibl. Fr.* p. 37. CHASSANION *Hist. memorab. des Punitions étranges.* p. 170. CATHERINOT *l'Art d'imprimer*, p. 8. BAYLE *Dict. Crit.* p. 2380. *Exempl. in the King's Library.*

(o) *Collect. of BONAVENT. DES PERRIER'S Works, Printed at Lyons 1544. 8vo p. 52.*

(p) *Ibid. Epistle Dedicatory of ANTOINE DU MOULIN to the Queen of*

THERE is all the Room in the World to doubt whether *Cymbalum Mundi* was written in *Latin* or in *French* by DES PERRIERS; People are very much divided upon this Point; (q) Some will have it, that he is not the Author of it, and assert, that he only Translated it. (r)

It has cost me a great deal of Pains in endeavouring to meet with it in *Latin*, yet I never could; and of all the Persons I ever mention'd it to, only one told me that he had seen it, and that he had it in his Possession: But this Testimony I shrewdly suspect; for, not to mention several Pieces of Secret History told me by the same Person, which prov'd false, I desired one of my Friends to wait on him, and request the Sight of it, but he excused himself in answering, *That it was a Manuscript so old, and so very ill written, that 'twas impossible to pick any thing out of it.* This silly Evasion convinc'd me that 'twas only vain boasting, that he had such a Book; and as I doubt not but this Letter will
come

of Navarre, where he speaks thus; Inexorable Death surpriz'd him in the Course of his good Intention; being just upon putting his Compositions in Order, which he design'd an Offering to You whilst he was alive.

(q) LA-CROIX DU MAINE says, that he wrote it in *Latin*, and afterwards translated it into *French*; Biblioth. Franc. p. 36. ANT. DU VERDIER says, That he translated it into *French*; Biblioth. Franc. p. 1177. Father MERSENNUS is of the same Opinion, Quest. in Genes. p. 669, quoted by VOETIUS Disput. select. Tom. I. p. 199.

(r) MERSENNI Quest. in Genes. p. 669. quoted by VOETIUS Disput. select. Tom. I. p. 199. STIZELIJ Scrutinium Atheismi. p. 56. & Felix litteratus p. 124.

come to his Sight, 'twill be his Interest to undeceive me, by communicating so great a Rarity to the Publick.

- THIS is certain, that this Work is in French, with the Latin Title of *Cymbalum Mundi*: Which Words LA CROIX DU MAINE has rendered in French *Colchette du Monde* (s) (The World's little Bell.)

IT would be difficult to assign a Reason, why the Author gave this Title to his Work; and more so, why he has prefix'd a Latin Title to a French Book. Possibly the Author might be at a Loss for a French one of sufficient Force to express his Meaning; That the Design of his Work might be a Banter upon the whole World indifferently; and that he had recourse to the Words *Cymbalum Mundi*, to express in Latin, what might be excellently well express'd in French by *la Timpanisation du Monde*, were such a manner of speaking allowable.

THIS Title is follow'd by a sort of Preface, or Epistle Dedicatory of THOMAS DU CLEVIER, to his Friend PIERRE TRYOCAN. This is an imaginary Name under which the Author was willing to conceal himself. He says in this Preface, that *he acquits himself of the Promise he had made his Friend, to translate for him into French the little Treatise entitled, Cymbalum Mundi, containing four Poetical Dialogues.* (t)

This

(s) LA CROIX DU MAINE, Biblioth. Franc. p. 37.

(t) Preface to *Cymbalum Mundi*.

This is particular, and as much as saying in direct Terms, that it is a Translation. But this, in my Opinion, might be no other than an Artifice of the Author, the better to disguise himself, and the Thing is not without Example: The old Library of a certain Monastery, near the City of *Dabas*: (u) where he says he met with this Work, brings me easily into this Belief.

LASTLY, he gives his Friend an Account after what manner he has Translated this Work, advertising him that he does not give him a verbal Translation of it; but that he has substituted the Mode of Language of his own Time to the Latin Phrases of the Original; and that he has taken the same Liberty with regard to the Songs in the third Dialogue. *There are, says he, (u*) in the Text, certain Lyrick Love Verses, whose Places I thought it more proper to supply with Modern Songs.* Amongst these Songs, that which begins thus, *Pourtant que je suis junette*, is in all Appearance, an Imitation, or if you will, a Parody of the XXXVI Song of CLEMENT MAROT; (x) and

(u) Preface to Cymbalum Mundi.

(u*) Ibidem.

(x) *The Works of CLEMENT MAROT, Printed at the Hague* 1702. Tom. I. pag. 315.

Pourtant si je suis Brunette,
Ami, n'en prenez esmoy,
Autant suis ferme & junette,
Q'une plus blanche que moy: &c.

and from thence I think it may be conjectur'd, with much Probability, that this is another Precaution and Artifice of the Author's to blind his Readers; and that his Work is a French Composition, posterior to the Productions of MAROT. It may be proved however, from the Diamond Necklace (*Carquan de Pierrerie*) of the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*, which is mention'd in the Third Dialogue of this Work, that it is not much older than that Poet. In short, the mention of the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*, which never appear'd in Publick till the Year 1455, if we may believe the Preface(x*) to the last Edition, is so far from convincing me of the *great Antiquity* which the Title (y) of the Work where-in they are quoted, boasts of, that the Quotation, on the contrary, confirms me in my Opinion, That this Work is not only New, but written in French. This I find still further confirm'd. from what the Author in his Preface requests of his Friend, *not to let go a single Copy* of his Work, *least that by getting from hand to hand, it may, at last, meet with the Printer.* (y*)

C

And

In our Author's Third Dialogue, thus:

Pourtant que je suis Junette;
 Amy n'en prenez esmoy:
 Je ferois mieulx la chosette;
 Q'une plus vieille que moy.

(x*) *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*, Cologne, 1701. *The Preface.*

(y) *See the Title of Cymbalum Mundi, where the Dialogues are called very Ancient.*

(y*) *Preface to Cymbalum Mundi.*

And the Reason he gives for it is, That Printing is become too common, and that *what is printed, does not appear with so good a Grace, and is less esteemed, than if it remained in Manuscript.* (z) A precaution so extraordinary, and so unnatural to Authors, who are generally too fond of publishing their own Productions, does not a little confirm me in my Opinion, that this Work is a French Composition. For as I take it for granted, that his Request to his Friend was not serious, and that a too exact compliance on his Part would have mortify'd him extreamly, so I am very apt to believe, That the Translation he speaks of, is only an Artifice to blind his Readers and to give them guessing Room.

BE it as it will, that Precaution did not hinder the Book from being Printed, and that more than once. LA CROIX DU MAINE says, That it was Printed at *Paris* in 1537. (z*) which is confirm'd by a *Petition* (a) delivered to the Chancellour, by JEAN MORIN, Bookseller in *Paris*, imprisoned for having Printed this Book with his own Name and Mark, (which I shall say more of anon.)

THE Edition which I have made use of, is the same which DU VERDIER has cited in his

(z) Ibidem.

(z*) LA CROIX DU MAINE, Biblioth. Francoise,

(a) This Petition is in the Hand-writing, as 'tis said, of Mr. DU PUIS, at the end of the Exemplar of *Cymbalum Mundi*, in the Kings Library.

his *Bibliothèque Franc.* p. 1177: 'Tis a small
Octavo Printed in Demigothick Characters at
Lyons, in the Year 1538 (b) with this Title,

CYMBALUM MUNDI

*En Francoys, contenant quatre Dialogues
 Poëtiques, fort Antiques, Joyeux, & Fa-
 cetieux.*

MDXXXVIII.

In English thus,

CYMBALUM MUNDI

In French, containing Four Poetical Dialogues,
 very Ancient, Merry, and Facetious.

MDXXXVIII.

At the End of the Book,

*Fin du present Livre intitulé Cymbalum
 Mundi, en Francoys, imprimé nouvellement
 à Lyon par Benoist Bonyn Imprimeur, de-
 mourant au dit lieu, en la rue de Paradis.*

MDXXXVIII.

(b) Mr. PLACCIUS says, that *Cymbalum Mundi* was printed again in 1582, and for this he quotes SPIZELIUS's *Scrutinium A-theismi*, p. 56. where there is no mention of any such thing. He is certainly mistaken; for all those who have spoken of this Book, make no mention of this Edition; moreover he does not say where 'twas printed, nor in what Volume. See his *Theatrum Anonymorum & Pseudonymorum*, p. 105. the *Hamburgh Edit.* in 1708. folio.

In English thus,

The End of this Book entitled *Cymbalum Mundi*, in French, newly Printed at Lyons by Bennet Bonyn Printer, living in the aforefaid Place, in Paradise-street. MDXXXVIII.

II.

THE Body of this Work is composed of Four Dialogues: In the First, (c) MERCURY, being employ'd on several Errands, which he recounts, by the Gods, comes down from Heaven to *Athens*, to get a Book new bound there for JUPITER. He is perceived by two Fellows that are just going into a Tavern; MERCURY, whom they pretend not to know, makes one with them; they perceiving a Packet which he has, contrive to steal it, saying, that 'twill redound greatly to their Glory, to Rob the Prince of all Thieves. MERCURY, whilst the Wine is drawing, slips away from them in order to steal something in the House. They untie his Packet, and there find the Book, which they take away, and put another in its place. After having open'd it with great Impatience, they find by the following Title, that 'tis the Book of the Destinies.

(c) *Cymbalum Mundi*, Dialogue I.

Quæ

Quæ in hoc Libro continentur :

Chronica rerum memorabilium quas
JUPITER gessit antiquam esset ipse.

Fatorum præscriptum : sive, eorum quæ
futura sunt, certæ dispositiones.

Catalogus Heroum Immortalium qui
cum JOVE vitam victuri sunt sempiternam.

MERCURY returns and drinks with them, and upon his saying, that the Wine is as excellent, to the full, as JUPITER's Nectar, they accuse him of Blasphemy; MERCURY in his Justification, tells 'em, he has tasted of both, which enrages them still the more. They force him to quit the Tavern, by threatning to arrest him, and by giving him to understand, that they have seen him pilfer something. MERCURY fearing least he may be surpriz'd with a little Silver Image in his Pocket, which he has stolen, pays the Hostess, with whom he has some talk concerning her refusal of a Favour which he offers her; then he goes away, resolving to erase out of JUPITER's Book, the Names of the two *Athenians*, threatning within himself to recommend them to CHARON, who shall make them wait three Thousand Years upon the Banks of *Acheron*. The two *Athenians* are well pleas'd at his Absence, and with the Book they have stolen; and they debate with themselves, after what manner JUPITER will punish such a Theft.

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THE Second Dialogue, is a banter upon the Chymists, that is to say, those who search after the *Philosopher's Stone*. (d) MERCURY being advertis'd by TRIGABUS, how the Philosophers have employ'd themselves ever since the time, when, upon their Petition, he shew'd them the Stone, and bruised it in Pieces, and scatter'd it among the Sand of the Theatre, goes thither along with him, in the Figure of an Old Man. He discourses with the Philosophers concerning the pretended Pieces of the Stone, which they fancy they have found, and of the Vertues which they ascribe to them. After bantering them a good while, he leaves them to pursue their Search, and to wander still further in the Dark,

IN the Third Dialogue (e) MERCURY, having found that he was robb'd of the Book of the Destinies, comes down again from Heaven to *Athens*, to have it cry'd: He admires that JUPITER does not destroy the World with Thunder, on account of this Robbery, the Crime being greater than that for which he sent the Deluge in LYCAÖN'S Time; the Mortals having not only stolen his Book, but also, by way of derision, placed another in its Room, containing the Memoirs of all his Love Intrigues, and

(d) Cymbalum Mundi, *Dialogue II.*

(e) Cymbalum Mundi, *Dialogue III.*

and all the Freaks of his Youth. Then he examines into the several Errands he is employ'd in, and seeing CUPID, he falls into Discourse with him, and asks him if he has heard any News of JUPITER's Book: CUPID acquaints him that two Fellows have it, who make use of it in the Affair of Fortune-telling, and are able to discover as much of Futurity as ever TIRESIAS could. After this, MERCURY having a mind to carry some News to Heaven, and knowing none, makes a Horse speak, accusing his Master in the Face of all the World, of Cruelty, Avarice, and Carelesness.

THE Fourth Dialogue is between two Dogs. (f) These Dogs, which formerly belong'd to ACTEON, having eaten his Tongue when he was metamorphos'd into a Stag by DIANA, obtain'd thereby the Faculty of Speech. They discourse of several Things, and particularly of the difference between a Publick Life, and a Private one, and of the foolish Curiosity of Men, in pursuing new and extraordinary Adventures.

III.

THIS is an Abstract of all that CYMBALUM MUNDI contains; and I confess that I can no ways discover in it *that Impiety and that Atheism*

(f) Cymbalum Mundi, Dialogue IV.

ism for which it deserves to be thrown into the Fire together with its Author.

I know not upon what Ground so odious an Accusation could be formed against this Book, There is no Appearance that it could be through the Liberty with which the Author treats his Fable. For by the same Rule, among the number of Authors that have taken on in this way of Writing, there is not one who would be exempt from the same Fault; yet this was what never enter'd into any Man's Brains. There is no need, for Example, of accusing SCARRON'S *Gigantomachie* (f*) of Impiety, because he brings in the Gods expressing themselves in Billingsgate Rhetorick. SORREL was never accounted an Atheist for being the Author of the *Berger Extravagant*; (g) In which he Ridicules the whole System of the Pagan Divinity. Nor even to this day, have the Comedies which are acted at *Paris* on the *Italian Theatre*, been condemned to the Flames by any body, in the greatest part of which, that which seems most worthy of Regard in the Pagan Theology, is ridicul'd to all the World, and even JUPITER himself is

(f*) Oeuvres de SCARRON Edit. Amsterdam 1704. Tom. II. p. 5. &c.

(g) CHARLES SORREL wrote his *Berger Extravagant*, only to dissuade the People of his Time from Reading Romances, to which they were much accustomed, and which produced very unlucky Effects. For this Reason 'tis in some Editions entitl'd, l'Anti-Roman. The Place where Fable is most violently attack'd in this Work, is a Piece of the first Vol. entitl'd, *Le Banquet des Dieux*, where he displays a vast deal of Genius. The second Volume of this Work is much inferior to the first.

is there treated with the utmost Contempt. (g*) Moreover if after the Authors I just now mentioned, I may be allow'd to bring in the *Fathers of the Church*, would not they be almost all of them liable to the same Reproach; who giving themselves up, without any restraint, to the Impetuosity of their Zeal, have so bitterly rallied all the Pagan Divinities, and who have treated the Mythology of the Ancients, after the most hard and unmerciful manner in the World?

I can see but one pretext to be made use of for the hideous out-cry against the Book I am speaking of, namely, to demonstrate, that under the Mask of Pagan Deities, the Author endeavours absolutely to deny the Existence of the Supreme Being, and to turn whatsoever is believ'd in Religion, into Ridicule. This Father MERSENNUS a Monk, has endeavour'd to make out, in his *Quæstiones in Genesim*, (i) where he mentions this Work: But this is a wild Accusation, which drops of its own accord: For, besides, that he brings no evident or convincing Proof of the Thing, 'tis

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(g*) There are in the Theatre Italien certain Pieces, among the rest, as the *Mercur Galant*, *Phaeton*, *les Souhairs*, &c. in which all the Pagan Divinities are Buffoon'd in the most extravagant manner in the World. Moreover, there is scarce a Piece in this whole Collection, where they are not in some measure satyrized.

(h) MERSENNI Quæst. in Genes. p. 669, quoted by VOETIUS Disputat. Selectar. Tom. I. p. 199 See Note in p. xxviii. following.

in my Opinion the utmost Injustice in the World, and directly contrary to the Laws of Charity, to endeavour to find out a bad Meaning to Things that are entirely Harmless in themselves. From whence can any one gather, that the Author's Intent was to speak against the Divinity? What can be found in his Book, that proves an Accusation of such Consequence: In short, what Reasons does he bring to evince the Truth of what he pretends to prove? Is it not more equitable to take an Author's Words in a good Sense, when they are susceptible of it? Is it not more reasonable to take 'em in their natural Sense, than by mysterious Interpretations, and forced Explanations to give them an ill Turn, which the Author, in all appearance, never dreamt of. Nothing can be more wrong or unjust than such a Principle; And I say it once more, if any Man will give himself the Pains to examine over the Works of the *Fathers of the Church*, who have undertaken to defend Christianity against the Pagans, I do averr, that there is not one of them which may not be explained after the same manner, and who under the Names of JUPITER or MERCURY, does not couch the most horrid and detestable Impieties. In truth, the Pagans were really of this Opinion: They called the Authors of them, *Impious Men, Atheists, and Enemies of all Religion*: And those Treatises which at
this

this Day we esteem, if not as perfect Demonstrations, at least, as excellent Apologies for the Christian Religion, were, by the Pagans, who judg'd of them by the aforesaid excellent Rule, esteemed no otherwise than dangerous Books, and Works full of Atheism and Impiety.

I expect that it will be objected, That the Author of this Book died a miserable Death, stabbing himself through the Body. This is a Matter, I confess I agree to, upon the Testimony of the Authors that relate it; though there is room to suspend ones Judgment, and not come in to the Belief of the Fact too precipitately. ANTOINE DU MOULIN, an intimate Friend of BONAVENTURE DES PERRIERS, who took care to have his Works Printed after his Death, says no such Thing in his Epistle Dedicatory to the Queen of Navarre, prefixt to this Collection. He says only, *that inexorable Death surpriz'd him in the Course of his good Intention; being just upon putting his Compositions in order, which he design'd an Offering to her, whilst he was alive.* (i) whence it may be conjectur'd, that DES PERRIERS did not die such a Death as has been represented. But I shall examine into this Matter no farther,

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(i) Oeuvres DES PERRIERS, Epist. dedicat. à la Reyne de Navarre.

thinking it may be reasonably presum'd, that were it so, nothing can be thence concluded, as to the Impiety of his Work. How indeed, should this affect it? 'Twould be a pleasant way of Thinking, to imagine, that a Man's Death can any ways influence the past Actions of his Life. But to insist no more on this Point, do all Atheists die a miserable Death by an indispensable Necessity? And do none but impious Persons finish their Lives after a deplorable and tragical Manner?

'Tis not my Business to make an Apology for DES PERRIERS; though a favourable Opinion of his Memory may be drawn from his Works, among which there are several pious Pieces, (k) sufficient to counterpoize the Accusation that is brought against him. 'Tis possible he might be a *Knave of accomplish'd Wickedness*, as Father MERSENNUS calls him; (l) *that he was an Atheist, and unworthy of the Name of a Man*, as Mr. DE L'ETOILLE says, (m) *and that he deserv'd to be thrown into the Fire*, as PASQUIER says;

(k) *A Translation in French Verse of the Song of the BLESSED VIRGIN, of that of Old SIMEON, of that of VICTIMA PASCHALIS, &c. Oeuvres de DES PERRIERS p. 90, 91, 87. See DU VERDIER's Biblioth. p. 131.*

(l) *Impiissimus Nebulo, MERSENNI Quæst. in Genes, quoted by VOETIUS, Disput. select. Tom, I, pag. 199. BAYLE Dict. Critiq. p. 2381.*

(m) *The Exemplar in the King's Library.*

says; (n) This is what I am no ways certain of. But I assert, that no one can prove it from his Book. All those who mention it, as an impious and detestable Work, say so only because they never saw it, as the greater part of them confess. Not one of them assigns any Reason for the Judgment he makes of it. And what all of them say of it, is founded upon common Report. 'Tis easy to prove this, by examining them one after another.

I. THE first Author who speaks of BONAVENTURE DES PERRIERS, and of his *Cymbalum Mundi*, is HENRY STEPHENS. Let us see what he says of him in his Treatise, Entitled: *Introduction au Traité de la Conformité des Merveilles Anciennes avec les Modernes, ou Traité prepar. à l'Apologie pour Herodote. Edit. sur les Halles, en 1607, in 8vo, p. 249. Chap. XVIII.* where he treats of *Homicides and Self-murders.*

I shall not, says he, forget BONAVENTURE DES PERRIERS, the Author of a detestable Book, entitled CYMBALUM MUNDI, who, notwithstanding the Care that was taken in watching of him, (being observ'd to be desperate and designing to destroy himself) was found run through with his own Sword,
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(n) EST. PASQUIER, Lettres Tom. I. p. 493.

he having fix'd the Pummel against the Floor, and falling upon it, so that the Point entered at his Stomach and came through his Back. He relates the Thing nearly after the same manner in p. 332. Chap. XXVI. where he is speaking of *strange Punishments*.

IT is not HENRY STEPHENS'S Design in this Place, to speak of *Cymbalum Mundi*. 'Tis evident, that his sole End is to relate the unhappy Death of DES PERRIERS, as a remarkable Instance of a Tragical End; which is agreeable to his principal Subject, which is *concerning Self-murders*. But he mentions his Work only by the By. However, I doubt not but 'twill be objected, that he calls it a *detestable Book*. I allow he does so, and from that I judge, that he never had seen it. For otherwise, he would doubtless, have done him more Justice; especially the Book in which he speaks of him, containing Things incomparably less pardonable, than those which are contained in *Cymbalum Mundi*.

BUT I cannot imagine why Mr. BAYLE, after having said that *he finds that the Protestants are not less displeas'd with Cymbalum Mundi, than the Catholicks*, quotes for Proof, LA CROIX DU MAINE, and HENRY STEPHENS. (o)

(o) BAYLE Diction. Critiq. p. 2381.

CERTAINLY, LA CROIX DU MAINE, was no Protestant, as is easy to observe from several Passages in his *Bibliothèque* (p) And the Testimony of HENRY STEPHENS alone, is not sufficient for him to speak so generally of the Dislike of the Protestants to this Book.

II. FRANÇOIS GRUDE, Sr. DE LA CROIX DU MAINE, Author of a *Bibliothèque des Ecrivains de France*, speaks thus of BONAVENTURE DES PERRIERS. *He is the Author*, says he, (q) *of a detestable Book, stuff'd with Impiety, entitled, Cymbalum Mundi, or the World's little Bell, written first of all in Latin by the same DES PERRIERS, and afterwards by him translated into French, under the Name of THOMAS DU CLEVIER, Printed at Paris in the Year 1537.*

I know not whether *Cymbalum Mundi* was Printed at Paris in 1537, as LA CROIX DU MAINE here insinuates; but there is reason to believe that he never had seen it, more than HENRY STEPHENS, for he tells us no more than he, any thing particular relating to

(p) And among others from this, speaking of JEAN MOREL, Bookseller in Paris, he says, that he was burnt in Paris for his Heresie. *Bibliotheq. Franc.* p. 251. A Protestant certainly would not have express'd himself in this manner.

(q) *Biblioth. Franc.* p. 36, 37.

to the Book, nor does he point out any of those *Impieties*, with which he pretends it is stuffed.

I am more willing to believe that he speaks of it only upon common Report, since I find how much he is mistaken in other Matters in the Chapter of DES PERRIERS. He robs this Author of his *Nouvelles Recreations*, to ascribe them to JACQUES PELLETIER and NICOLAS DENISOT. (r) PASQUIER refutes this in his Letters, where he relates, that *he was one of PELLETIER'S most intimate Friends, who readily imparted all his Secrets to him.* I know, continues he, *the Books which he told me he wrote. He never mentioned this to me. He was a true Poet, and very jealous of his Reputation, and I can assure you, that he would not have concealed.* — (s)

IF LA CROIX DU MAINE is so much mistaken about the *Recreations* of DES PERRIERS, a Book common at that Time, and Printed at several Places, 'tis not at all surprizing, that he should be out of the way in speaking according to the common Report, of *Cymbalum Mundi*, which was a very scarce Book, and known to very few Persons. So that the Testimony which he gives of

(r) Biblioth. Franc. p. 36.

(s) PASQUIER, Lettres, Tom. I. p. 493.

of the Impiety of this Work, ought to be of little Authority.

III. THE Third Author who has made mention of *Cymbalum Mundi*, is ANTOINE DU VERDIER, Sr. DE VAUPRIVAS, Author of a *Bibliothèque Francois*, as well as LA CROIX DU MAINE, and known to the learned World, by several other Works which he has publish'd.

IT ought to be observ'd in his Praise, that he has said nothing concerning it, till after reading it; that he has spoken of it with great Judgment, and that he is the only Person that has done it Justice. After having exactly given its Title, with the Place where it was Printed, and the Printer's Name who publish'd it, he proceeds thus, *I have found nothing*, says he, *in this Work which deserves Censure more than Ovid's Metamorphosis, Lucian's Dialogues, and the Books of wag gish Arguments and fabulous Fictions.* (t) Afterwards he draws up a kind of Abridgment of it, too long to be inserted here: It may be seen in the Author himself, or in the *Dictionnaire Critique* of Mr. BAYLE, who had not seen *Cymbalum Mundi*, when he publish'd the Second Edition of his *Dictionnaire Critique*, (u) and has there inserted

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(t) DU VERDIER, Biblioth. Franc. p. 1177.

(u) Diction. Critiq. Edit. 1702, p. 2380.

this Abridgment, (x) at the end of which he acknowledges, that Mr. VERDIER *found no Venom in this Work.* (y)

It is surprizing, that after such a Confession, this illustrious Critick has not been more equitable with regard to DES PERRIERS, and that he has plac'd him in the Rank of those, *who have made no difficulty of indulging their Satyrical Humour, at the Expence of Truth.* (z)

At the same time that DU VERDIER did justice to DES PERRIERS, JEAN CHASSANION of *Monistrol in Velay*, treated him with less Equity. *This unhappy BONAVENTURE DES PERRIERS*, says he, (a) *Author of the Detestable Book entitled, CYMBALUM MUNDI, wherein he openly ridicules God, and all Religion, fell finally into Despair, and killed himself, notwithstanding the Watch that was set over him.* Thus he expresses himself in the Book entitled, *Histoires Memorables des grands & merveilleux Jugemens & Punitions de Dieu, venus au Monde, principalement sur les Grands, à cause de leurs mesfaits contrevenans aux commandemens de la Loi de Dieu.* This Book is dedicated to JOHN CASI-

(x) Diction. Critiq. p. 2381.

(y) Ibidem. p. 2381.

(z) Ibidem.

(a) Hist. memor. by CHASSANION p. 170.

[xxvii]

CASIMIR, Count *Palatine*, Duke of *Bavaria*, and Printed at *Geneva* for JEAN LE PREUX, in 1586, 8vo.

IT requires but little Consideration to know, that CHASSANION here Copies HENRY STEPHENS; and I have no need to prove, that he never saw *Cymbalum Mundi*, otherwise than from what himself says of the Author of it, that *he openly Ridicules God and all Religion.* (b)

V. I come next to ESTIENNE PASQUIER Author of the *Recherches de la France*. He says but two Words of *Cymbalum Mundi*. DUPERRIER, says he, *has written another Book, entitled Cymbalum Mundi, which is a Lucianism that deserves to be thrown into the Fire together with its Author, were he alive.*

PASQUIER was a Person of too great Judgment to speak thus of this Book, had he known what it contained. He is out of Patience with it, because, upon the Authority of another Person, he believes it to be full of Impiety; and his Zeal would be commendable, were it not carried too far. If he had ever read it, I doubt not but he would have alter'd his Opinion of the Work, and spoken

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(b) CHASSANION, *Histoires Memorables*, &c. p. 170.

(c) EST. PASQUIER, *Lettres* Tom. I. p. 493.

favourably of its Author, especially when he so much approved of his *Nowvelles Recreations*, (d) which in my Judgment, are not near so harmless as his *Cymbalum Mundi*.

VI. FATHER MARIN MERSENNE, a Monk, takes a Method different from the Authors which I have spoken of, to accuse *Cymbalum Mundi* of Atheism and Impiety.

BONAVENTURE DES PERES, (e) says he, (f) *was a Monster, and a Knave of accomplish'd*

(d) See the foregoing Note in Pag. iv.

(e) He is mistaken, he means DES PERRIERS.

(f) MARINI MERSENNI Quæstiones in Genesim, p. 669. quoted by GISEBERT VOETIUS, Disputationum selectarum. Tom. I. pag. 199. Disputatione de Atheismo. BONAVENTURA DES PERES, monstrum, & impiissimus nebulo, quem plurimi Atheum fuisse asserunt, atque in vitâ fuisse impiissimum, & morte periisse, non fuit Autor *Cymbali Mundi*; sed in Gallicum illud transtulit, & sic edidit anno 1538. Ille liber constat quatuor Dialogis, & plurimas fabulas de JOVE, MERCURIO, &c. complectitur, per quas fidem Catholicam irridere, & ea quæ de Deo verissima esse dicimus & credimus, rejicere velle videtur.

This Passage, as well as all which FATHER MERSENNE has said of *Cymbalum Mundi*, is not now to be found in the greatest Part of the Exemplars of his Work. We read, indeed, under the Letters C and A, of the Index which is added to it, these Words; *Cymbalum Mundi, Athei Bonaventuræ Cymbalum Mundi*, referring to Colume 669. But this Reference is false: There being not in that Column, nor many of the following ones, any thing that the Index promises.

Having collated several Exemplars of this Work to no purpose, and among the rest, that of the Library of the Monks in Paris, which I expected to find most correct; I at last discover'd, that this default was occasion'd by two Cartons (alter'd Sheets) that were inserted in this Place. Father MERSENNE gave there a List of the Atheists of his Time; he speaks of their several Works, and he

complish'd Impiety. (g) Many affirm that he was an Atheist, who led a very licentious Life, and died a miserable Death. He did not write Cymbalum Mundi, but he translated it into French, and publish'd it in 1538. This Book consists of four Dialogues, and contains several Fables of JUPITER, MERCURY, &c. Under the Mask of which, he seems to have a Design of Burlesquing the Catholick Faith, and to reject the most certain Truths which we affirm and believe concerning the Divinity.

he relates their Sentiments and Opinions: This is plain by these Words in the Index: Athei plurimi numerantur, 670, 671. Athei in Galliâ, Germaniâ, Scotiâ, Poloniâ, &c. 673. Atheorum Dogmata horrenda, 673, and by several others which refer to no purpose to the Body of the Book.

One would be apt to believe, that when the Book came to be publish'd, these Places might be judg'd of dangerous Consequence; and there is great Reason to think that this was the Cause why they were retrenched, and the two Cartons inserted in their Room, namely, from Column 669 to Column 676 inclusive. Mr. VOETIUS, who relates the Substance of the Opinion, and even some of Father MERSENNE's Terms, made use of an Exemplar where these Cartons were not inserted, and from whence nothing was taken away. But every body else who have cited him since, even Mr. BAYLE, who is always very exact in his Citations, have done it upon the Authority of another, without consulting the Work itself; for otherwise they would have perceiv'd, that what they cited was not in Father MERSENNE, and without doubt would have advertis'd their Readers of it. SPIZELIUS however, must be excepted, who in a small Advertisement, at the End of his Scrutinium Atheismi, says of Father MERSENNE's Commentaire sur la Genese, that it has been very much alter'd, from Column 669 to Column 674, and that some things are taken away, which he calls notatu dignissima. Quo fine, adds he, quo item autore, cuilibet prudentiori judicandum relinquo.

(g) So Mr. BAYLE has render'd Father MERSENNE's Impiissimus Nebulo.

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I have answered this Objection already, (b) and Mr. VOETIUS answers it still much better, when he says, *That a Man may indeed ridicule Religion in a fabulous Book, and make use of that Artifice to come off, if he is prosecuted for it; and he may likewise maintain, that they who understand it so, are Calumniators.* (i)

THIS is indeed a needless Distinction, since those who are accused, are always ready to answer, that they had no other Intention than to laugh at the Mythology and Divinity of the Pagans: (k) From whence I conclude, that whatsoever secret Design DES PERRIERS might have in composing this Work; altho' it were even to attack the Supreme Being; he cannot yet be reasonably accus'd of Libertinism or Atheism, since it is certain, that there is nothing in this Book that can be made use of, I do not say to prove, but even to favour such an Accusation, and on the other Hand, that every Thing in it is so susceptible of a good Turn, that
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(b) Pag. ix.

(i) GISE. VOETIJ Disputat. Selectarum Tom. I. p. 199. cited by Mr. BAYLE, Dict. Crit. p. 2381.

(k) VOETIJ Disputationum Selectarum Tom. I. p. 199 200.

Si quis pius metuat eos (*Authores*) Mysterium Trinitatis, & Redemptionis nostræ per Sanguinem Christi, velle deridendum proponere; quomodo hoc evincet, cum promptum sit semper effugium, rideri tantum Fabulas Gentilium.

it cannot be absolutely taken otherwise without wresting it, and doing it extreme Violence. (l)

THE Exemplar of *Cymbalum Mundi*, which I have made Use of, is that of the King's Library, which was lent me by a Friend who was entrusted with it. This Exemplar, which was Printed at *Lyons*, in 1538, did once belong to Mr. de L'ÉTOILLE, I know not whether he be the same who was of the *Academie François*, who left us the *Intrigue des Filoux*. Be it as it will, this Mr. de L'ÉTOILLE has written his Name in red Letters in the first Page of the Book, with this Note. BONAVENTURE DES
PERRIERS

(l) I cannot say so of a certain ill-natur'd Libel against the last Adversaries of Mr. BAYLE, and particularly against Mr. LE CLERC, which appeared in 1709, under the Title of *Moliere le Critique*, & *Mercure aux prises avec les Philosophes*. 'Tis an Allegorical Satyr under the Names of the Gods, the worst contriv'd in the World, for there is neither Art nor Genius in it. The Author has imprudently inserted several Thoughts in it which he would have enough to do to clear from Impiety: And among others, this. JUPITER, through the Effect of his Mercy, hath sent his Son, to retrieve by his Death, a great Number of Men from Death Eternal, p. 25. 45, &c. I shall, however, be very cautious of accusing him of Impiety, and shall be content to tax him only with Indiscretion in this, that knowing not how to support the Allegorical Character which he made Choice of, his Expressions become criminal before he was aware of it; and incomparably more criminal than any in *Cymbalum Mundi*, whose Author has not any where made himself liable to Exception, by this manner of Expression.

PER RIERs, *a wicked Man and an Atheist, as it appears by this detestable Book.* (m)

IF the Person who put this Note to the Book, did it not 'till after he had read it over carefully, he must needs have had a most excellent Eye-sight, and particular Talents for discerning Atheists, For no such Thing *appears* upon reading the Book, though he says so. Under this Note there is another, which is this, *Such a Life, such an End, confirm'd by the Death of this Wretch, who was unworthy of the Name of Man.* (n) And as tho' this were not sufficient to characterize the Author, we find the Words written in Red, at the beginning of the first Dialogue, *Dixit incipiens in corde suo: non est Deus* This is as *à propos* to the Book, as the Tree which an ignorant Painter plac'd in the middle of the Sea, was to the Shipwreck of SIMONIDES, which was the Thing he was to represent (o)

VIII. THEOPHILUS SPIZELIUS, an Author well known in the Republick of Letters, by the many Works he has publish'd, mentions also *Cymbalum Mundi*, which he calls *a very wicked and execrable Book.*

(m) *The Exemplary in the King's Library.*

(n) PHOEDRI Fabul.

(o) SPIZELIJ Scrutjnum Atheism. Ætiologicum. August. Vindelicor. Jo. Prætorius 8vo p. 56. §. XIV.

HE explains himself concerning it in his *Scrutinium Atheismi*, printed at *Ausbourg* in 1663, in 8vo, thus: *Nequissimum illud MUNDI CYMBALUM*, says he, (p) *quod Latine primò conscriptum*, BONAVENTURA DES PEREZ (*quem teste MERSENNO, p. 669. plurimi Atheum fuisse asserunt*) *Gallicè vertit. Quatuor ille Liber constat Dialogis, in quorum primo MECURIUS, BYRPHANES, CURTALIUS, & Hospita; in secundo TRIGABUS, MERCURIUS, RHETULUS, CUBERCUS, & DRAGIG. In tertio MERCURIUS, CUPIDO, CELIA, PHLEGAN, (q) STATIUS, & ARDELIUS. (r) In quarto denique duo Canes colloquentes, HYLACTOR, & PAMPHAGUS, introducuntur. Quibus plurimas de MERCURIO, JOVE, &c. fabulas complectitur Author, per quas fidem Christianam irridere, & ea quæ de Deo verissima esse dicimus & credimus, rejicere velle videtur. (r) Hinc non defuerunt, qui initio libri illius hæc verba scripserint: Dixit insipiens in corde suo: non est Deus. (s)*

(p) PHLEGON.

(q) ARDELIO.

(r) These Words, all but the Word *Christianam* instead of *Catholicam*, are taken from Father MERSENNE, or Mr. VOLTIER.

(s) We had an Example of this in the foregoing Article,

He repeats almost the same Thing in his *Felix Litteratus*, (t) where he speaks thus: *Execrabile insuper Mundi (ita dictum) Cymbalum, quod Latine primò conscriptum BONAVENTURA DES PEREZ Gallicè vertit, quatuor constans Dialogis, quorum Argumenta recensuimus alibi.* (u)

AS SPIZELIUS in all this, forms no new Accusation against *Cymbalum Mundi*, of which he says nothing particular, but what he has taken from the Commentary of Father MERSENNUS, whose Opinion he has entirely adopted; I have no occasion to give him a particular Answer, that which I have made to that Father in the 6th Article, serving one as well as the other.

IX. THOSE who have augmented MORERY'S *Dictionarie Historique*, copy at the Word DES PERRIERS, only what LA CROIX DU MAINE has said before them; so I have no need of answering them.

X. Mr. NICOLAS CATHERINOT, Counsellor to the Presidial of *Bourges*, in a little Treatise, entitled, *l'Art d'imprimer*, Publish'd

(t) SPIZELIJ Felix Litteratus, seu Commentationes de Vitijs Litteratorum. Augustæ Vendelicorum, Theophil. Goebelius. 1676. 8vo. p. 124.

(u) In his *Scrutinium Atheismi*, 'tis the Passage which precedes this.

publish'd at *Bourges* in 1685, in 4to. relating the Advantage and Abuse of Printing, speaks thus of *Cymbalum Mundi*. But, says he, (x) *the Abuses of Printing are great, as when Works are Printed against the Church, such as those two impious Books, which, as I have never seen, so I wish I never may, the one de Tribus Impostoribus, the other Cymbalum Mundi. The last is of BONAVENTURE DES PERRIERS, an Officer of MARGUERITE DE VALOIS, Dutches of Berry, who died a miserable Death.*

I think no one could reason more pittingly. To condemn a Book as impious, when at the same Time he owns, that he never had seen it; is not this a mark of a weak Judgment? But obstinately to condemn the Book, and to wish that he never may see it, nor undeceive himself in his Belief, is not only, in my Opinion, want of Judgment, but of Justice too, and a perverse Confidence in his own Fancies.

AFTER this, I am not surpriz'd that this Man is so ready at ridiculing Mr. BAILLET, who does not spare him in relation to a Catalogue of his Works, in which his Ostentation and ridiculous Vanity are inexcusable. (y)

(x) *L' Art d'imprimer*, p. 8.

(y) *Jugemens des Sçavans*. Tom. I. *Prejuges sur les Livres*.
P. 432.

XI. Mr. GEORGE DANIEL MORHOFIUS, mentions *Cymbalum Mundi* by the by, in the excellent Treatise which he publish'd in 1688, entitled, *Polyhistor*. Let us see what he says of it in Chap. VIII. of his Work, where he delivers his Opinion concerning impious Books, (z) *There are several other Books of this kind; as l' Art de ne rien croire, ascribed to GODEFROI DU VAL, of which VOETIUS speaks in his Disputation concerning Atheism; and another entitled Cymbalum Mundi, which VOETIUS likewise mentions, and calls its Author BONAVENTURE DES PERRIERS; HENRY STEPHENS in his Treatise preparatory to the Apology for Herodotus, and Father MERSENNE, who calls him DE PEREZ in his Commentary upon Genesis, take Notice of him likewise.* I shall little concern my self with what MORHOFIUS says here. 'Tis evident that he places *Cymbalum Mundi* among Books of Impiety, on no other Foundation than

(z) MORHOFIJ *Polyhistor*. Lubeca. 1688. 4to. p. 74. Hujus generis plures alij sunt Libri: ut *Ars nihil credendi*, qui adscribitur GOTHOFRIDO A VALLE, cujus mentio fit apud VOETIUM *Disput. de Atheismo*: & alius cujus titulus *Cymbalum Mundi*, cujus itidem mentionem facit VOETIUS, qui ejus Autorem nuncupat BONAVENTURAM DES PERRIERS; ut etiam HENRICUS STEPHANUS in *Tract. preparatorio ad Apol. Herodot.* MERSENNUS *Comment. in Genesin* vocat eum DE PEREZ, &c.

than the Testimony of the Authors which he cites, and that he says nothing of his own that wants refuting.

XII. Mr. BAYLE in his *Dictionarie Critique*, has a whole Article about BONAVENTURE DES PERRIERS, in which he owns that he never had seen *Cymbalum Mundi*. (a)

AFTER having related the Opinions of several Authors concerning this Work, he lays it down for a Rule, *That there are two ways of ridiculing Superstition, the one very good, the other very bad. The FATHERS of the CHURCH*, says he, (b) *who have expos'd the Ridiculousness of false Deities, were very much to be prais'd for it. They design'd, by inspiring the Christians with Contempt and Aversion to Paganism, to strengthen their Faith. But LUCIAN, who did so much ridicule the false Gods of the Heathens deserves notwithstanding, to be detested; since instead of doing it out of a good Motive, he had no other Design, than to satisfy his own Satyrical Humour, and was no less indifferent for Truth, than for Lies.* After having establish'd this Principle, he concludes thus: *Here are two Models*

(a) BAYLE Diction. Critiq. p. 2380.

(b) Ibidem, p. 2381.

Models, that of the FATHERS of the CHURCH, and that of LUCIAN. RABELAIS ought to be look'd upon as a Copist of LUCIAN, and I think the same ought to be said of BONAVENTURE DES PERRIERS. (c)

It cannot be deny'd, that the Principle which Mr. BAYLE establishe, is very excellent. But I can't allow that the Application he makes of it to DES PERRIERS, is just.

It cannot be said of him, that *he had no other Design than to satisfy his Satyrical Humour*, nor that *he was no less indifferent for Truth than for Lies*. There is nothing in his Work that can deserve such a Charge, and Mr. BAYLE is less favourable to him than Equity requires. Having never seen his Work, he ought at least, I think, to have suspended his Judgment, and not to have condemn'd him upon the Testimony of others. He is still less excusable in this, that having, as I observ'd before, inserted DU VERDIER'S Analysis in his *Dictionarie Critique*, he confesses that DU VERDIER *found no Venom in it. (d)*

MOREOVER, the Parallel which he draws between DES PERRIERS and RABELAIS, is

(c) BAYLE Diction. Critiq. p. 2381.

(d) Ibidem. p. 2381.

is unjust ; since 'tis beyond all Contradiction, that *Cymbalum Mundi* does not favour of that Libertinism which the Works of RABELAIS do.

I confess that there are in *Cymbalum Mundi*, which was written at a Time when People were not nice and scrupulous in expressing themselves with Freedom on all manner of Subjects, some Liberties that would not be excusable at this Time of Day ; we now observing a much greater Restraint and Delicacy in Expression. But we do not find in it that prodigious Quantity of Obscenities, or that constant Prophanation of Passages of the Holy Scripture, which are to be met with in almost every Page of RABELAIS's Works, which yet are not look'd upon as *detestable*, nor *condemned to the Flames*.

I always regarded the Opinions of Mr. BAYLE as learned Decisions, which ought not reasonably to be rejected ; and the Reputation which that excellent Critick has acquired in the Republick of Learning, seems to merit such a Deference. However, 'tis evident, that he should be read with some Precaution ; and such Examples of Inaccuracy in a Man of his Learning, ought to teach us with what Diffidence we should read the Works of Authors of a moderate Merit.

XIII. THE last Author that has spoken of *Cymbalum Mundi*, who has come to my Knowledge, is Mr. BURCARD GOTTELF STRUVE, who some Years ago, publish'd several valuable Pieces of *Biography*. Let us see what he says of it in his Book entitled, *Introductio ad Notitiam Rei Litterariae*, reprinted at *Jene*, by *Bailliar* in 1706, 8vo, with considerable Additions. *Alius*, (e) says he, BONAVENTURA DES PERRIERS, in numerum *Atheorum* refertur, eò quod scripsit *Cymbalum Mundi*, quem *Librum impium & blasphemum Latinâ Linguâ primum scriptum dicit in Bibliothecâ Francicâ* CRUCIMANIUS (f) *Parisijs impressum* (fuisse anno) 1537. BÆLIUS autem ex (ANTONIJD) VERDIER VAUPRIVAS *Bibliothecâ Francicâ* p. 1177. contentorum hujus *Cymbali* recensioem exhibet, ex quâ videmus irrisorem illum esse paganismi, & forsan etiam aliquot in Religione abusuum; licet MERSENNUS apud VOETIUM *Dissertationum de Atheismo Volum. I.* pag. 200. velit, autorem eo ipso irridere quoque voluisse ipsi *Veritati Religionis Christianæ. Librum non vidimus, quid sentiant alij, exposuisse contenti.*

(e) STRUVE *Introductio ad Notitiam Rei Litterariae* p. 453.

(f) LA CROIX DU MAINE.

AS Mr. STRUVE is so far from declaring against *Cymbalum Mundi*, that he only relates the Opinions of some Authors who have mention'd it, without condemning it, or having seen it; I think it sufficient to transcribe his Words, not forgetting however, to render him the Praise due to his Equity and Moderation.

AFTER having laid before you, Sir, the Opinions of the several Authors, who have spoken of *Cymbalum Mundi*, I have but a Word or two more to add.

As it will be undoubtedly objected, that this must needs be an ill Book, since it was suppress'd, and the Bookseller who was chiefly concern'd in the Impression, imprison'd, I shall put in something by way of Prevention to what may be said on that Score.

THE Proof of it rests upon a *Petition*, (g) presented to the Chancellor by JEAN MORIN, Bookseller in *Paris*, for having printed, or caused to be printed, *Cymbalum Mundi*; this *Petition* setteth forth, That JEAN MORIN, a poor young Bookseller of *Paris*, thro' Ignorance, and without any evil Intention, did print a little Book, called *Cymbalum Mundi*, which Book was esteemed scandalous, and judged to contain several Errors; upon which

G Account

(g) I have said before in p. 7. that this *Petition* is in Manuscript at the End of the Exemplar of *Cymbalum Mundi*, in the King's Library.

Account the Petitioner who printed it, was sent to Prison, where he was likely to continue, &c. (h)

ALTHO' this *Petition* be a rough Draught without any Date or Signature, and such as no adequate Judgment can well be formed of, yet I shall not insist on this Point, and I am willing readily to allow, that *Cymbalum Mundi* was suppress'd. But I cannot see how the *Impiety* or *Atheism* of this Work can be proved from thence. For, besides that there might be a Thousand other Reasons for suppressing it, some Formality requisite in the Publishing of Books, heedlessly neglected by the Author, or Bookseller, might produce this Effect.

Moreover, DES PERRIERS had, perhaps, Characteris'd some Persons belonging to the Court in his Dialogues, who took Offence at them on that Score. But without amusing my self any longer, in enquiring into the Motives of this Suppression, I shall content my self only to observe to you, that this Book appear'd at a Time when every Thing was suspected, and possibly it might be then imagin'd, as it was afterwards by Father MERSENNE, that the Author levell'd it at the Divinity, and that he made use of the Disguise of Fable, the better to cover his Design.

(h) The Petition of MORIN to the Chancellor, at the End of the Exemplar of *Cymbalum Mundi*, in the King's Library.

THIS I imagine the true Motive of the Suppression of *Cymbalum Mundi*, and if you observe, you will find it seemingly confirm'd by the following Words in MORIN'S Petition, *which Book was esteemed scandalous, and judged to contain several Errors.* After all, I do not pretend to have solv'd this Matter, and give it you only as a probable Conjecture, which I submit, together with the rest of my Letter, to your better Discernment. I am with great Respect,

S I R,

Your most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

PROSPER MARCHAND.



Thus I imagine the true Motive of the
 Suppression of *Companion Mankind*, and if you



and judged to contain several errors. After
 all, I do not pretend to have solved this Man-
 ner, and give it you only as a probable Con-
 jecture, which I submit together with the
 rest of my Letter, to your better Discre-
 tion. I am with great Respect



PROSEPER MARCHAND.



CYMBALUM M U N D I.

Containing Four POETICAL
DIALOGUES

Very ANCIENT, MERRY, and
FACETIOUS.

Probitas laudatur, & alget.

From the Copy Printed in the YEAR
MDXXXVIII.



L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year MDCCXXIIJ.

CYMBALUM

M U N D A

Containing Four Poetical

DIALOGUES

Very Amusing and
Facile

By the Author of the

From the Copy Printed in the Year
MDCCXXVII



L O N D O N

Printed in the Year MDCCLXXVII



THOMAS

D. U

CLEVER

To his FRIEND

PIERRE TRYOCAN.



ABOUT Eight Years ago, my dear Friend, I promis'd you a French Translation of CYMBALUM MUNDI, containing four Poetical Dialogues, which I found in an Old Library of a Monastery near the City of *Dabas*: At last I perform my Promise.

CYMBALUM

MUNDUM

Containing Four Portraits

DIALOGUES

Very Amusing and
Facile

From the Copy Printed in the Year
MDCCXVII



LONDON

Printed in the Year MDCCXVII



THOMAS

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ABOUT Eight Years ago, my dear Friend, I promis'd you a French Translation of CYMBALUM MUNDI, containing four Poetical Dialogues, which I found in an Old Library of a Monastery near the City of *Dabas*: At last I perform my Promise.

P R E F A C E.

I have designedly avoided a verbal Rendering of the Latin, that I might fall the better into our French Idiom: This you will be sensible of, in the Forms of the Oaths, when instead of HERCULE *per JOVEM, Dispeream, &c.* ----- JUPITER, and the like, in the Original, I have chosen those which are most in Vogue among our Men of Mode at present, as *Morbieu, Ventrebieu, Je puisse mourir*; endeavouring rather to give the Spirit of the Person who speaks, than his own Words; in like manner I have rendered *Falernum* by *Vin de Beaulne*, that being more familiar and intelligible to you. I have likewise called PROTEUS, *Maitre Gonin*. that you may more easily conceive what PROTEUS is. As to the Songs which CUPID sings in the third Dialogue, these were in the Original, some Lyrick Love Stanza's, instead of which, I have substituted modern Songs, these being as much to the purpose as the Lyricks, which would have look'd very awkward in a Translation.

Such

P R E F A C E.

Such as it is, you have it; but on this Condition, that you suffer no one to Copy it, least it chance at length, to get to the Press, which, though it has formerly been very advantageous to Learning, lessens the Value of a Piece more, than if it had remain'd in Manuscript, unless the Impression be very neat, and correct. If you approve of this, I shall send you more. So farewell, my Dear Friend; and may God of his Goodness bestow on you all that your little Heart can wish.



H

C Y M.

PREFACE

Such as it is, you have it; but on this
Condition, that you suffer no one to



merely been very advantageous to learn-
ing, lessens the Value of a Piece more
than if it had remained in Manuscript,
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correct. I shall



CY M.



CYMBALUM MUNDI.

The FIRST DIALOGUE.

MERCURY ROBBED.

The ARGUMENT.

MERCURY *having received several Orders from the GODS, comes down to Athens, where he is to have the Book of the Destinies new bound for JUPITER. He meets with two Fellows at a Tavern, who open his Packet and steal the Book, putting another in its place, and afterwards pick a Quarrel with him.*

PERSONS.

MERCURY, BYRPHANES, CURTALIUS, the HOSTESS.

MERCURY.



HE gave me Orders, indeed, to get him this Book new bound, but whether it should be in Wood or Past-Board, Leather or Vellum, I can't tell: Then I'm at a Loss whether it must be gilt or plain, and if the old-fashion'd Clasps and Studs are to be

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thrown away, and the Book bound after the new Mode. 'Tis fifty to one he does not like it when 'tis done. He hurries me at such a rate, and sends me o' so many Errands at once, that I'm forc'd to forget one, to remember another. There's VENUS too; I've a Message from her to the young Girls of *Cyprus*, about a new Improvement in Cosmeticks. JUNO whisper'd me, as I was coming away, to bring her a Pair of Bracelets, a Girdle, or some other new-fashion'd Toy, if there be any upon Earth. PALLAS will be sure to enquire what Poetry has been lately publish'd. Then I'm to bring CHARON the Souls of seven and Twenty Rascals that died of Consumptions this very Day; thirteen killed in Duels at Taverns, and eighteen at Bawdy-Houses; eighteen new-born Infants dispatch'd by the VESTALS, and five DRUIDS, who died as mad as March Hares. Pretty Exercise to trudge o' so many Errands at once! Let's see; where are the best Book-binders to be found? In *Athens*, *Germany*, *Venice* or *Rome*? *Athens*, I fancy, so I'll thither as fast as I can. First I'll take a turn among the Goldsmiths and Mercers, and see if there's any thing for Madam JUNO. Then I'll step to the Booksellers for PALLAS. But 'twill be proper to let no-body know whose Family I belong to, for then I shall be sure to pay for every thing through the Nose,

BYR.

CYMBALUM MUNDI. 9

BYRPHANES.

What art staring at?

CURTALIUS.

Staring at? At what I have read of, but never could believe.

BYRPHANES.

And what in the name of Wonder is it?

CURTALIUS.

'Tis MERCURY, the Messenger of the Gods; I saw him descend from Heaven.

BYRPHANES.

The Fellow's light-headed sure, or dreams when he's broad awake. Come, we'll go take a Glass, and let alone Visions.

CURTALIUS.

By JUPITER 'tis true: I don't Jest: He's just now pitch'd upon the Ground, and I fancy he'll come this way presently. Stop! Now d'ye see him?

BYRPHANES.

Why look 'ye, I should not much care if I did believe what you tell me, provided I saw it likewise myself---Yes, by JUPITER! now I see a Man dress'd exactly as the Poets describe MERCURY! I fancy it must be he.

CUR-

CURTALIUS.

Peace! mind him a little; he comes directly towards us.

MERCURY.

Save you Gentlemen! Have they any good Wine here? I'm very thirsty.

CURTALIUS.

Sir, I believe as good as any in *Athens*. Pray Sir, what News.

MERCURY.

As I hope to live I can't tell, I came hither to learn. Some Wine, if you please Madam.

CURTALIUS.

I tell thee 'tis MERCURY; I know him by his gate; here's something which he has brought with him from Heaven: Now as we are two poor Dogs, we'll know what it is, and rob him, if thou'lt take my Advice.

BYRPHANES.

Why that would be glorious indeed, to rob, not only a Thief, but the Prince of all Thieves.

CURTALIUS.

He'll leave his Packet upon the Bed presently, to rummage all over the House, and see if there's

CYMBALUM MUNDI. II

there's any thing fit for him to lay Hands on, and convey into his Pocket, then we'll examine into the Premises.

BYRPHANES.

Well contriv'd.

MERCURY.

Is the Wine come? Will you step into the next Room, Gentlemen, and take a Glass with me?

CURTALIUS.

Why truly Sir, our Business higher was to drink, and we shall be extremely proud of your Company.

MERCURY.

Well, Gentlemen, whilst the Wine is-drawing, I'll go look about me a little.

CURTALIUS.

Did'st mark him, Sly-boots? I know all his Tricks. I'll be bound to be hang'd if he returns before he has peep'd into every Creek and Corner of the House, which will take him up some time: So we'll see what he has got there, and rob him too, if we can.

BYR-

BYRPHANES.

Be quick then, least he should come and catch us in the Fact.

CURTALIUS.

Here's a Book!

BYRPHANES.

What Book is't?

CURTALIUS (*reads.*)

Quæ in hoc libro continentur:

Chronica rerum memorabilium quas

JUPITER gessit ante quam esset ipse.

Fatorum præscriptum: sive, eorum quæ futura sunt, certæ dispositiones.

Catalogus Heroum Immortalium, qui cum JOVE vitam victuri sunt sempiternam.

This, my Friend, is a Book indeed, such a one, I believe, as is not to be met with agen in *Athens*. We have one much about the same size and Volume; step and fetch it, we'll slip it into the Wallet, instead of this, so tye it close again, and he'll suspect nothing of the matter.

BYRPHANES.

This Book will be an Estate to us: The Copy will bring us Ten Thousand Crowns. 'Tis JUPITER'S Book, which MERCURY,

I suppose, was to get new Bound; for 'tis so old that the Leaves drop out. Ours is much such another, if he should look upon't, he would not discover the Difference.

CURTALIUS.

So; now the Packet is just as it was before, he can't suspect we have touch'd it.

MERCURY.

Now we'll drink, Gentlemen: I have been viewing the House; I think 'tis very fine.

BYRPHANES.

Oh, Sir, a very good House.

MERCURY.

Well, and what News, Gentlemen?

CURTALIUS.

We know none, Sir, unless you tell it us.

MERCURY.

Gentlemen, my Service; to both your Healths.

BYRPHANES.

Sir, your very humble Servant, we shall be proud to pledge you.

I

MER-

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MERCURY.

What Wine d'ye call this?

CURTALIUS.

Burgundy.

MERCURY.

Burgundy! By Heaven JUPITER never drank *Nectar* that was better.

BYRPHANES.

The Wine is good indeed; but no Wine in this World ought to be compar'd with JUPITER'S *Nectar*.

MERCURY.

I stand to my Text; JUPITER'S *Nectar* is not better.

CURTALIUS.

Have a care what you say. 'Tis horrible Blasphemy; you must be a wicked Man to endeavour to maintain such a thing.

MERCURY.

Don't be in a Passion, Friend: I have tasted both, and do aver that this is the better of the two.

CUR-

CURTALIUS.

Sir, I'm not in a Passion, neither did I ever taste Nectar, as you say you have: But we believe what we read about it, and what every body says of it: You ought not to compare any Wine that grows in this World, with the Nectar of JUPITER. I can't bear to hear you.

MERCURY.

Look'ye Friend, I can't help what you believe; but 'tis even so as I tell you.

CURTALIUS.

Hang me like a Dog, Sir, asking your Pardon, if I don't lay you where you shan't see your Feet these three Months; not only for this Offence, but likewise for another, which you imagine I know nothing of (do'st hear me, I saw him steal something in t'other Room; by Jove 'tis true.) Sir I do'nt know who you are; but as you have been pleas'd to do as you have done, you may repent it. However, for this once, I advise you forthwith to get you gone; for if I stir out of Doors before you, you shall smart severely for't, I'll take Care to commit you to the Custody of those who shall use you worse than the Furies.

BYRPHANES.

BYRPHANES.

Sir, you may believe him: He'll be as good as his Word. You're very much in the Wrong to talk Blasphemy after such a Manner. If you'll take my Advice, make off: my Friend's as implacable as a Lyon, when he's vex'd.

MERCURY.

Oh the Plague of dealing with Mankind! Would my Father JUPITER had been asleep when he dispatch'd me among these Mortals. Here, Hostess, give me Change: Have you your Reckoning?

HOSTESS.

Yes Sir.

MERCURY.

Pray Madam, a Word in your Ear. Do you know the Names of those two Persons that were drinking with me?

HOSTESS.

One's Name is BYRPHANES, t'other's CURTALIUS.

MERCURY.

Enough Madam. Your Servant. But for the Favour you have done me, as well in drawing me good Wine, as in telling me the Names of those two Rascals; I promise
and

and assure you, that you shall have Fifty Years of good sound Health and Liberty added to your Life, over and above the Alotment of my Cousins, the DESTINIES.

HOSTESS.

You promise me Miracles, Sir, and for nothing too. But you must pardon me for not believing what I am sure can never come to pass. Tho' you might possibly wish such a Thing, as indeed I should my self. For I should be very willing to live so long, and in such Circumstances you talk of: But Matters will fall out quite otherwise.

MERCURY.

Say you so! And am I to be banter'd and ridicul'd? No, no, forsooth, don't trouble yourself; you shant live so long, indeed you shall not; but you shall live a Life of Slavery, and shall be sick every Month, even unto Blood. Surely the Wickedness of Women surpasses that of Men. Nothing of what I promis'd shall come to pass, since you want Faith to believe it. If ever you have such a Guest again, make much of him. ----- Such treacherous Rascals! O good JUPITER! never was I in such a Fright before. No doubt they saw me take the little Silver Image from the Top of the Buffet, which I filch'd, to make a Present of to my Cousin GANIMEDE, who

who always gives me the Nectar which JUPITER leaves in his Cup. This was what they talk'd about. Had they caus'd me to have been arrested, I, and all my Celestial Lineage had been branded for ever. But if they ever fall in my way again. I'll recommend them to CHARON, who shall detain 'em upon the Coast three Thousand Years: Moreover, I'll take 'special Care, Messieurs BYRPHANES and CURTALIUS, to erase your Names out of my Father JUPITER's Book of Immortality, if I find 'em there, together with that of your good HOSTESS, who cared neither to believe, nor to accept of the Courtesies I offer'd her.

CURTALIUS.

By HERCULES, I think we gave him his own! 'Twas the only Means to get rid of him. 'Tis MERCURY himself, past all doubt.

BYRPHANES.

Yes, yes, 'tis he sure enough. This is the most excellent Piece of Thievery that ever was committed: We have robbed the Prince of Robbers, which is an Action that deserves immortal Glory; and have gotten such a Book, as the whole World cannot match.

CUR.

CURTALIUS.

And a good Jest into the Bargain, considering, that our Book treats of quite other Matters than his. I am only afraid, that if JUPITER sees it, and discovers that his own Book is lost, he'll destroy the whole World with Thunder and Lightning for our Crime. But a Thought comes into my Head: I imagine, that as nothing is contain'd in this Book that shall not come to pass, so, whatever shall happen, is here to be found: Now we'll see whether this Robbery of ours be there predicted, and what will be the Consequence thereof.

BYRPHANES.

If 'tis any where, 'tis here. (*reads*) *Fata & Eventus Anni*-----

CURTALIUS.

Hist, hist! hide the Book; yonder comes ARDELIO; he'll be for peeping into it; we'll examine it more carefully at our Leisure.



CYMBALUM MUNDI. 12

CURTAINUS.





CYMBALUM MUNDI.

DIALOGUE II.

THE PHILOSOPHERS STONE.

The ARGUMENT.

MERCURY being inform'd by TRIGABUS, how the Philosophers employ themselves in searching after the Philosophers Stone, transforms himself into an Old Man, and goes to see them in the Area of the Theatre, where he laughs at their Credulity and Fondness.

PERSONS.

TRIGABUS, MERCURY, RHE-
TULUS, CUBERCUS, DRAGIG,

TRIGABUS.

LET me die, MERCURY, if thou art not a sad Impostor, and so would I tell thee, wer't thou JUPITER'S Son ten times over. Do'st remember the arch Trick thou playd'st 't'other Day? Hast thou ever been there since?

K

Thou

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Thou gav'st our hare-brain'd Philosophers a delicate Bone to pick.

MERCURY.

As how ?

TRIGABUS.

As how ! When thou wast pleas'd to tell 'em, that thou had'st the *Philosophers Stone*, and did'st shew it 'em too, which has turn'd their Brains ever since. They besought thee, seeing it would not be fair for one Person to have it all, that thou would'st break it in pieces, and Powder it, that so every one might have a little; the which thou did'st, scattering it among the Sand of the Theatre, where they were disputing according to Custom, and telling them to look narrowly, and if they could recover ever so little a bit of this same *Philosophers Stone*, they might work Wonders with it; transmute Metals, break Iron Bolts, provided the Gates to which they belong'd were not shut; cure those that were not sick, interpret the Language of Birds, procure any Favour of the Gods, provided it were no unlawful or unreasonable thing, but such as might probably come to pass, according to the common Course of Things, as Rain after Fair Weather, Flowers and Sun-shine in Spring, Dust and hot Weather in Summer, Fruits in Autumn, Frost and Snow in Winter, and in short,

short, that they might be capable of doing every thing, and a great deal More. To do 'em Justice, they have been extreamly diligent in their Search, not a Man of them but has been continually raking and sifting the Sand of the Theatre, in order to find some of its Fragments. 'Tis most excellent Diversion to observe these Stone-pickers, one would take 'em for little Children diverting themselves in the Dust.

MERCURY.

But, has none of 'em found a Piece?

TRIGABUS.

Not one by all that's good; tho' there is not a Man among 'em but will tell you he has got a good Quantity, insomuch, that if all they shew for such, were to be amassed together, 'twould be ten times bigger than the Stone itself.

MERCURY.

'Tis possible, that instead of the Pieces of the Real Stone, they may have pick'd up Gravel, 'tis very difficult to distinguish one from t'other, there's little or no difference between 'em.

TRIGABUS.

I can't say how 'tis, but I've heard several affirm, That they have found the right sort, yet they began to doubt of it presently afterwards, and in the Conclusion, threw it all away to look for more, and still with the same Uncertainty: Such Sport Man never saw: 'Twas a most excellent Farce: Let me die if thou hast not contriv'd that our Wise acres should be well employ'd.

MERCURY.

Ha'n't I?

TRIGABUS.

But, by JUPITER, I wish thou wer't to see a little of the Pastime: How they scramble for Sand, and how dogged they look at one another when they come to compare their several Parcels. One cries he has more than his next Neighbour: Another tells him, that it is not of the right sort. One teaches the Method of searching for it, though he can find none himself; another answers, that he knows it better than he can teach him. One says, that in order to find it, 'tis requisite to be clothed in Red and Green; another is of Opinion, that Yellow and Blew is better. One says 'tis proper to eat of a certain Diet, not above six times a Day: Another holds, that
to

to lie with a Woman during the time of the Search, is stark naught. One searches with a Candle, even at noon Day; another does just the contrary. Such Bawling, Cuffing, and Kicking is there among 'em, as has furnish'd Matter for above a hundred Suits of Assault and Battery. There's not a Square, Street, Temple, Bath, Bake-House, Tavern, or Bawdy-House, that is not full of their Jargon, Factions, and Nonsensical Disputes. Some of them there are, so very arrogant and Opinionated, that being perswaded they have gotten the true *Philosophers Stone*, they undertake to Reason and Determine in all Matters whatsoever: Whether concerning the Heavens, the Elysian Fields, Vice and Vertue, Life and Death, Peace and War, the Past and the Future, and what not. In short, nothing in the World escapes their Sagacious Enquiry, not even the DRUIDS Mistresses Lap-Dogs, nor their Children's joynted Babbies. True it is, there are some (as I have heard say) who are look'd upon really to have found some; but then it's Vertues and Qualities lie wonderfully conceal'd, saving that it has the Faculty of converting Men into Mag-pyes, which do nothing but chatter all their Lives long: Some become Parrots, and talk, they know not what; others Asses, fit to bear Burdens, and tolerably reconcileable to the Bastinado: In fine, to take a Survey of their ridiculous

Manners

Manners and Actions, were the richest Sport
in the World.

MERCURY.

Say'st thou so?

TRIGABUS.

By my Life 'tis true: If thou wilt not believe
me, come along with me: I'll have thee to
the Theatre, where thou shalt have ocular
Demonstration, and laugh thy Belly-full.

MERCURY.

Agreed. But I'm afraid they'll know me.

TRIGABUS.

Leave thy Rod, Wings, and Hat, behind
thee; they won't discover thee then.

MERCURY.

Peace; I have a Trick worth twenty on't:
I'll change my Phyz ----- Now look in my
Face, and tell me who I am.

TRIGABUS.

Who, in the Name of wonder! Thou art a
meer *Robin-Goodfellow*. How could'st thou con-
trive this so soon? Just now thou wast a smooth-
fac'd young Fellow, and now thou art a
shrivell'd Old Man, and as grey as a Badger,
This comes of the Words I heard thee mutter
between

between thy Teeth. By JUPITER, thou shalt teach me this Piece of Conjurat[i]on, or I shan't take it well of thee. If I but knew how to alter my Countenance to that of any other Person, I could play a Thousand pretty Tricks. I won't leave thee till thou hast taught me. Prithee, good honest MERCURY, tell me the Words.

MERCURY.

Why, as you are a particular Friend, I'll do it before we part; but first let's step into the Theatre, and then for the Conjurat[i]on.

TRIGABUS.

Well, I'll take thy Word for't. Observe that Fellow there, that is in such an extravagant Hnrry. I wish thou wast to hear him talk a little; thou never knew'st such a Coxcomb: He'll pull ye a bit of Gravel out of his Pocket, and swear till he's black in the Face, that 'tis some of the true *Philosophers Stone*, nay, the very choicest Part of it. Mark him now, how he rowls his Eyes and admires himself; Does not he seem to be wonderfully taken with his own elegant Person?

MERCURY.

Here's another that does not fall much short of him. Let's move a little nearer, and hear and see what they are about.

TRI-

TRIGABUS.

With all my Heart.

RHETULUS.

You may look your Eyes out if you think fit, Gentlemen, for I have nick'd it.

CUBERCUS.

Hold your Peace, my good Friend: Such is the Property of the *Philosophers Stone*, that it looses it's Vertue if a Man be too full of himself after he has found it. I believe indeed you have it: But let others look after it and find it as well as yourself. When MERCURY gave it us, he did not mean to set us together by the Ears, but to unite us in Brotherly Love. He did not intend that a Thing of so great Value should set us at Varience, but that it should be for our general Good and Satisfaction. However, as far as I can discern, we contrive all we can, to make it fall out quite otherwise.

RHETULUS.

A fine Speech you have made! None of you all have pick't up any thing but Gravel.

DRAGIG.

You lye, in the Throat. Here's a Piece of the true *Stone*, much better than yours.

RHE.

RHETULUS.

Ar't not ashamed to shew it for the true
Stone? Fy, fy, 'tis meer Gravel, away with
 it.

DRAGIG.

What dost thou mean, by striking it out
 of my Hand: 'Tis lost: Had I a Sword by my
 Side, thou should'st not live a Moment. How
 shall I find it now? Have I been at so much
 pains in seeking it, to lose it thus?

RHETULUS.

Don't be in a Passion: The Loss is not
 great.

DRAGIG.

Not great? The Indies shou'd not purchase
 it. Ten Thousand Furies plague thee for a
 spiteful Rascal. If I am thus to lose the Fruits
 of all my Labour, I'll be reveng'd, tho' it be
 twenty Years hence.

CUBERCUS.

I have five or six Pieces, of which I'm sure
 four, at least, are the best that can be gotten,

I

TRI-

TRIGABUS.

Pray, Gentlemen, may I ask what 'tis you Philosophers are continually looking after, in the Sand of the Theatre?

CUBERCUS.

That's a fine Question! Don't you know that we look for the *Philosophers Stone*, which MERCURY bruised to Powder, and scatter'd it in this Place?

TRIGABUS.

And what are the Fragments good for?

CUBERCUS.

Good for? To transmute Metals, and do every thing else that we have a mind to, and moreover, to procure of the Gods, whatsoever we please to demand.

MERCURY.

Is't possible?

CUBERCUS.

Possible? D'ye question it?

MERCURY.

A little, I must confess: For if it be true, as you say, that you have at least four Pieces of the right sort, methinks by Virtue of one Piece

Piece only, (if you don't care to make use of 'em all) you might easily help your Friend to that which he has lost, and with it, I think, his Wits. I my self, being a little out Silver at present, should be mightily oblig'd to you, if you'd please to convert these Half-pence, which I have in my Purse, into Half-Crowns and Shillings. You'll be no looser by it, you need only say the Word, if your Fragments have that Vertue which you boast of.

CUBERCUS.

I'll tell you, Sir, You are not to take the Matter so: You are to understand, that 'tis impossible the *Stone* should retain all the Vertue it had at first, when MERCURY bruised it, because it has lain entirely expos'd to the Air, ever since it was scatter'd in the Theatre: And to tell you the Truth, it signifies not a Rush, whether it discovers its Vertue, or no, tho' it has ever so much. Besides, MERCURY can suspend, or restore its Vertue whenever he pleases.

MERCURY.

Does it not signify a Rush, say you? Then why d'ye strain your Heads, your Eyes, and your Backs in looking after it so carefully?

RHETULUS.

No, no; Pray don't talk at such a rate: Tis as powerful and vigorous as ever, notwithstanding it is expos'd to the Air, as you observed. If that which you have, discovers no Vertue, 'tis a sign that it is not of the right sort: As for what I have, I do assure you, I have not only transmuted Metals with it, particularly Gold into Lead, (Lead into Gold I mean) but I have likewise transform'd Men, that is to say, their Opinions, which are harder than any Metal, so that they lead new sorts of Lives. Such Sparks as were always wont to behave with wonderful Coldness to the VESTALS, are now ready and willing to run the Hazard of all Consequences for a single Nights Lodging. Such as formerly us'd to dress in long Robes, are now for short Jackets; Those who a while ago rode o' Horse-back, I make now to walk a-foot, and some Gentlemen who were once very free and liberal, appear now under the Denomination of humble Petitioners. Upon these, and the like Accounts, my Name rings all over *Greece*, in-somuch that I can bring several who will avouch mine to be of the true sort, even with their dying Breath. Many other Things worthy of Note, but too long to be recounted at this time, do I perform by the Help of these my Fragments. But, pray, Sir, what think you of our Philosophers?

MER.

MERCURY.

I think Sir, that their Wisdom will never make their Heads ake, nor yours either.

RHETULUS.

Why so, Sir?

MERCURY.

Why so, Sir? Because, Sir, they throw away their Time and Pains in sifting Sand, in order to recover the Pieces of a bruised Stone, and in this manner amuse themselves all their Lives long; seeking that which in all probability can never be found, and possibly has no Existence. Don't you tell me 'twas MERCURY bruise'd it, and scatter'd it about the Theatre?

RHETULUS.

Yes, 'twas he.

MERCURY.

Poor Souls! D'ye hearken to MERCURY, the Patron of all Cheats and Impostors? Don't y'e know him for a Tongue-pad? He'll make y'e believe that the Clouds are Cobwebs, and that the Moon's made of a green Cheese. Take my Word for't, he has given you some other Stone, or it may be, Gravel itself, and has made you believe 'twas the *Philosophers Stone,*

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Stone, only that he might laugh at you for looking after a new Nothing.

RHETULUS.

Pray, Sir, don't talk at such a rate; for 'twas the *Philosophers Stone* without all doubt: Several Pieces of it have been found, and Tryals made of their Vertue.

MERCURY.

So indeed you tell me, but I must be excus'd for not believing you; for if this were the True Stone, I can't think but we should see you perform some Miracles by Vertue of the Properties you speak of: And you, who seem to be a good-natur'd sort of Gentlemen, might give the Poor Pockets-full of Money, at least, supply 'em with enough to satisfy their Necessities without begging.

RHETULUS.

Beggars are a necessary sort of People in the World; for if every-body was Rich, there would be none to receive Alms, and then Liberality would be no meritorious Vertue.

MERCURY.

You might easily find out Things that are lost, and decide all Matters of Difficulty, and reconcile them to Truth, with whom you would be so well acquainted.

RHE-

RHETULUS.

But what would the Judges, Counsellors, and Attorneys say? What would become of all their Statutes and Records, which contain such a Stock of honest, and useful Knowledge.

MERCURY.

Then if any one should chance to be sick, and apply'd to you, you'd have no more to do, but to clap a bit of the *Philosophers Stone* upon the Patient's Head, and he'd be well whilst one could turn round.

RHETULUS.

How should the Physicians and Apothecaries live then? What would the excellent Works of GALEN, AVICENNE, HIPPOCRATES, ÆGINETA, and others signify? Besides, at this rate, every-body would be cur'd of all diseases, and no-body would die, which would be a thing very unreasonable.

TRIGABUS.

Here's one that seems to have found something: See how the rest gather about him, and begin to search in the same place.

RHE.

RHETULUS.

They're much in the right on't, for that which is not found, will be found.

MERCURY.

Well observ'd. But from the Time that you first search'd, to this day, I have not heard, that you have perform'd any one thing worthy of the *Philosophers Stone*, which makes me shrewdly suspect, that 'tis some other sort of Stone, or (if it be that) that it has not so great Vertues as is pretended; and that what is reported of your *Stone*, is nothing but Words.

RHETULUS.

I have given you several Instances of what I have perform'd by means of Mine.

MERCURY.

You are extravagantly full of Noise and Prattle, and some are foolish enough to hearken t'ye: Herein consists the whole Mystery, and not in your Pieces of Gravel, for which you are to thank MERCURY, but for nothing else. As you cheat the World, so he cheated you, so far indeed, you're oblig'd to him.

TRIGABUS.

Let me die, were I a Justice o' Peace, if I would not send y'e every Man to the Work-House. D'ye think 'tis not a fine Sight to see such a Parcel of Lubbers spending their whole Time like Children, in Pebble-hunting? Were any manner of good to come on't, 'twould not vex one: But 'tis all an idle Story from one end to t'other. By JUPITER, they are more childish, than Children themselves: They may possibly be good for something, but these Vermin, when they are once possess'd with a Whim of the *Philosophers Stone*, never get rid on't till their dying Day. How many of 'em have I seen that pretend to Miracles? And these Coxcombs would, forsooth, be thought Men of Learning too!

RHETULUS.

A Man cannot find Pieces of the *Stone* whenever he pleases: Besides, all Men are not MERCURY's particular Favourites.

MERCURY.

So I believe.

RHETULUS.

But I beg your Pardon, Gentlemen, I must leave you: Yonder comes my Lord VENCULUS's Servant; I am to sup with his Lordship to Night.

M

MER.

MERCURY.

Well, your Servant, Sir.

TRIGABUS.

A pretty Gentleman, this, to be plac'd at the upper end of a Table, where he'll be carv'd to of the first and the best, and reverenc'd as the Oracle of the Company; doubtless they'll be entertain'd with some wonderful Tale.

MERCURY.

These are the Effects of my miraculous *Stone*.

TRIGABUS.

A mighty Matter truly! Through thy means they make a shift to get a Dinner two or three times a Week; they are highly oblig'd to thee!

MERCURY.

To my Art and Cunning: But I've a small Secret to communicate from my Father JUPITER, to a good likely Lass that lodges in the Neighbourhood of APOLLO's Temple; and then I must make a little flight sort of a Visit to a Mistress of mine, before I return home, so adieu.

T R I.

TRIGABUS.

Then thou wo't not be as good as thy Word?

MERCURY.

What? How?

TRIGABUS.

To teach me the Words I am to repeat,
when I would change my Countenance.

MERCURY.

'Od so, well remember'd; I'll whisper it in
thy Ear.

TRIGABUS.

How? I can't hear thee. I can't tell one
Word thou say'st. Speak louder.

MERCURY.

That's all: Don't forget it.

TRIGABUS.

What was't he said? By JUNO I cou'd not
understand him. I fancy he said nothing, for
the Deuce a Word cou'd I hear. If he had but
taught me this, I could ha' play'd a hundred
pretty Tricks without any Fear of Discovery. If
I wanted Money, I need only transform my
shape into that of another Man who has Cash

at the Bankers, and go and receive it. Then I might lie with all the Married Women in the Parish, by personating their Husbands. This would have been the compleatest Mask in the World, if he had but let me into the Secret. But upon more serious Consideration, 'tis foolish enough for a Man to expect Things out of the common Course of Nature, and 'tis Madness to hope for that which is impossible.





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DIALOGUE III.

The *PUBLICK CRT.*

The ARGUMENT.

MERCURY comes to Athens, to have the Book of the Destinies cry'd, which he had been robbed of. He meets with CUPID, who informs him that two Fellows have it and make use of it in the Affair of Fortune telling. MERCURY, by way of Diversion makes a Horse speak, to the great Astonishment of the Hearers.

P E R S O N S.

MERCURY.

I Cannot still but wonder at his Patience. LYCAON's Crime, for which he sent the Flood which drown'd, and wash'd away all Mankind, was but a Trifle to this. I cannot imagine how this Wicked World has, to this Hour,

Hour, escaped his Fury and Thunder; for the treacherous Mortals have presum'd, not only to steal his Book, in which is contain'd all his Fore-knowledge, but have also, as if by way of Pleasantry and Derision, sent him another instead of it, which contains all the little Gallantries and Intrigues of his younger Years, such as he always thought to keep conceal'd from JUNO, the *Gods*, and Men. How he took the Form of a Bull to succeed in the Rape of EUROPA. His disguising himself in the Shape of a Swan when he visited LEDA: His assuming the Person of AMPHYTRION to lie with ALCMENA: His turning himself into a Shower of Gold to enjoy DANAË: His putting on the likeness of DIANA, of a *Shepherd*, of *Fire*, of an *Eagle*, of a *Serpent*; with many other particular Pranks, not fit for Men to know, much less to write of: Suppose JUNO should chance to light upon this Book, and should read the several Memoirs which it contains, what a Life would she lead him? I wonder, for my own part, that he did not hurl me down to Earth headlong, as once he did VULCAN, and the poor Fellow has been lame of the Fall ever since, and will be so as long as he lives. I should have broken my Neck to be sure, for my Wings happen'd at that time to be in my Pocket. I was partly to blame I must own, for I should have taken a little more Care of the Book before I carry'd it

it to the Binders: But what cou'd I do? 'Twas the very Evening before the *Bacchanalia*, and after Sun-set: I had such a heap of Errands to make, that I was almost out of my Wits, and hardly knew what I was about. Then, on the other hand, I had a good Opinion of the Binder, for he look'd like an honest Man, as he is, and I did not employ him before I had a Character of him. I have been with him, and he swears by all that's good, he return'd me the very self-same Book I brought him; so I'm satisfy'd in my Mind that he did not change it. Where was I that Day? Let me consider. Did not those Rascals whom I was with at the Tavern, steal it, and leave this in its room? For I was absent from 'em some time whilst the Wine was drawing. I'll swear, I admire that the old Dotard isn't asham'd: Could not he have observ'd in his Book, (which is the Store-House of his Knowledge,) that all this would happen? O' my Conscience the Light dazzled his Eyes; for the Thing must doubtless have been there predicted, as well as All Things else, otherwise the Book lies. But if he's angry who shall pacify him? What's to be done in such a Case? Let me see what *Memorandum* he has given me here.

By the Command of JUPITER ALTITONANS, let it be publickly cry'd at the Corners of all the Streets in Athens, and if it shall seem needful, at the four Corners of the World, That if there
be

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be any manner of Person, who has found a Book entitled,

QUÆ IN HOC LIBRO CONTINENTUR,
CHRONICA RERUM MEMORABILIUM,
QUAS JUPITER GESSIT ANTE QUAM
ESSET IPSE.

FATORUM PRÆSCRIPTUM, SIVE EORUM
QUÆ FUTURA SUNT, CERTÆ DISPO-
SITIONES.

CATALOGUS HEROUM IMMORTALIUM
QUI CUM JOVE VITAM VICTURI
SUNT SEMPITERNAM.

Or if there be any one that can tell any Tidings of the said Book, which belongeth unto JUPITER, let him give notice thereof to MERCURY, who is to be spoken with at all Hours of the Day, either in the Academy, or in the great Square; and such Person shall receive for his Pains, the first Favour that he shall ask: But if he neglect so to do, for above eight Days after this Publick Cry, JUPITER has resolv'd to take a Progress through the twelve Celestial Houses, where he'll as easily discover him that has it, as if he had been bred an Astrologer. And the Person will be then forc'd to deliver it up, to his great Shame and corporal Punishment. And what's this? Memorandum, Let MERCURY deliver this
folded

folded Paper, which JUNO sends to CLEOPATRA, being a Receipt for Propagating Children, and being deliver'd of them with as great Pleasure as when they are Conceiv'd in the common way; and let him bring back the following Particulars. Bring back the following Particulars? Yes to be sure: Stay a little forsooth, you shall have 'em in a twinkling. Imprimis, A Paroquet that can repeat all HOMER'S Iliad. Item, A Crow that can plead Causes. Item, A Jack-Daw that has an entire System of Philosophy in his Head. Item, A Baboon that can play a very good Game at Billiards. Item, A Monkey to hold her Looking-Glass to her when she dresses in a Morning. Item, A Looking-Glass of Venice Steel, the largest that can be bought. Item, Spectacles, and perfum'd Gloves, of each a Groce. Item, The Diamond Necklace of the Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles. Item, OVID de Arte Amandi. Item, Six Pair of Ebony Crutches. Now, may I never return back to Heaven again, if I trouble my Head about any one single Article of all this; and so Madam, there's your Memorandum and Receipt, in as many Pieces as there are Words in 'em, and get you a better running Footman where you can find him. Why how, in the Name of PLUTO, should I travel through the Air with such a Pack of Trompery at my Back? These Women expect ten Thousand Things to be

N

done

done for 'em, as if one was oblig'd to 'em in a very high degree: But the deuce a one of 'em all can find in their Heart to say, *There's something for a Pair of Gloves*, MERCURY. But what have we here? *Memorandum*, Let MERCURY tell CUPID from his Mother VENUS (O dear you are among 'em too, Madam VENUS? I shall take care of your Matters to be sure) *That he must forthwith play the VESTALS some Tricks, (that is to say, such of 'em as value themselves upon their great Wisdom and Prudence) in order to convince them of their unlucky Folly and Rashness; and to execute the Business the better, let him apply himself to SOMNUS, who will readily lend him a Detachment of his Boys; with these let him go in the Night-time to those VESTALS, and cause 'em to feel infinite Pleasures whilst they are asleep, for which they'll be sure to chastise themselves severely when they're awak'd; then let him hearken diligently to the Form of Repentance which every one of them shall make use of in private upon this occasion, of all which he is to send her a full and particular Account as soon as possible. Likewise he is to signifie to those Ladies and Gentlewomen, that they forget not to wear their Masks as they walk along the Streets, because that they may by that means see and laugh at whom they please, without any Fear of Discovery. Also, let him advise those young*
Damsels

Damsels to Water their Violets towards Evening in dry Weather, and let them be sure not to go to Bed, before they have bid good-Night to every one of their Friends; let 'em likewise be punctually careful never to dress their Heads without a Looking-glass. Let 'em learn by Heart, and repeat all the New Songs. Let 'em be good-humour'd, courteous, and amiable to their Lovers: Let 'em grant with their Eyes, and deny with their Tongues; and above all, let 'em expect an infinite deal of Intreaty, at least, let 'em not be over hasty in discovering their real Sentiments, but dissemble them as much as they can, else in good earnest, they'll be taken at their Words. Mighty well; all this shall be punctually observ'd, if I meet with CUPID. More Orders still? Ha! Madam MINERVA! I knew her Hand as well as if it were my own. I would not neglect her Business, though my Immortality were at stake. Memorandum, Let MERCURY command the Poets from MINERVA, to leave off writing against one another, or she will disown 'em; for she highly dislikes such Proceedings, and let them not amuse themselves so much with Falshood and Fable, as to forget the Usefulness of Truth. If they are dispos'd to write on Love Subjects, let 'em do it in the most honest, chaste, and divine Manner they can, following her as their Pattern. Moreover, let him inquire, if the Poet PINDAR has publish'd any thing new;
and

and buy all his Works. Let him bring her whatever Paintings he can meet with of ZEUXIS and PARRASIUS, together with all that is Curious in Embroidery, Tapestry, and Needle-Work. Let him warn all the Nine MUSES to have their Eyes upon a certain Sett of Sparks, that court their Favour under Pretence and Shew of Respect, only to acquire the Fame of being Poets, and by their means, to gain access to PLUTUS, and the Money which has so often slipt through their Fingers, and which they promise to take better care of for the future. Such a profound Respect have I for you, Madam MINERVA, that you shall be obey'd to a tittle. Who flies yonder? CUPID, for a Wager!

CUPID.

Who's there? Ho! Good-morrow MERCURY, Is't you? What News? What are they doing in Heaven? Is JUPITER IN LOVE?

MERCURY.

In Love, quoth'a! No, no, 'tis the least of his Concern at present; he frets his Gutts to Fiddle-strings, to think that he ever was in Love.

CUPID.

Why so?

MER.

MERCURY.

Because these Whoring Mortals have wrote a Book about it, which Book I, like an unlucky Dog, carried him instead of his own, which was his Director in Matters concerning the Weather. I was to get it new Bound; and some how or other, 'twas chang'd: Now I'm going to have it cry'd: O my Conscience, he fancies that I have eaten it.

CUPID.

Either I dream't of such a thing, or else I heard somebody speaking of a certain wonderful Book that two Fellows have got, which they make use of, it seems, in Fortune-telling. And they know as much of Futurity, as ever did TYRESIAS, or the OAK OF DODONA: Several Astrologers have bid Money for't, or for a Copy on't; for they tell y'e, one may make Almanacks by it. And besides all this, these Gentlemen undertake, for a certain Sum of Money, to insert Folks Names in the *Book of Immortality*.

MERCURY.

Ay, Ay! By HERCULES 'tis the same Book, past all doubt. Now if they should write down in it the Names of Usurers, Pawn-Brokers, and Highway-men, and scratch out those of Honest People, JUPITER would
thank

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thank 'em, I warrant y'e: And where can I find 'em?

CUPID.

Nay, that I can't tell. I never mind such Matters. I think of nothing but pretty Frolicks and Diversions for the Entertainment of the young Girls. I love to play at Hide-and-seek in the Corners of their little Hearts, and to sting 'em with my Shafts; to frisk and bound in their Brains; to tickle their tender Fibres, and gayly seat my self in their Sparkling Eyes; to kiss and suck their Vermilion Lips; to glide in between their hard Bubbies, and then undress myself, and go to the Vale of Delight, where stands the Fountain of Youth, in which I sport and refresh myself, and there take up my happy abode.

MERCURY.

Here; thy Mother gave me a *Memorandum* to tell thee something; take it, and look it over at thy Leisure, and do as she bids thee; for I'm in haste, and so -----

CUPID.

Soft and fair, good Master MERCURY.

MER.

MERCURY.

Now the little Elf has got hold o' my
Wings. Prithce CUPID let me go; I am not
half so merrily dispos'd as thou art.

CUPID.

*But when he lies press't
In the Arms he loves best,
Your dapper young Elf
Is as good as your self.*

MERCURY.

Well, well, as long as the Sun shines, thou
canst not, I perceive, whether it Rains or
Snows in seven Years, as JUPITER does, who
has lost his Book of the Weather.

CUPID.

*Young Lovers Months are always May;
They bask in Sun-shine ev'ry Day,
And feel no Wind nor Storms, not they.*

MERCURY.

Right, Right, very Right.

CUPID.

CUPID.

*There's little Miss Chloe the Gay,
And pretty Miss --- I don't know who . . .*

What pretty Girl is that walking alone in yonder Orchard? Is she in Love, I trow? I must look in her Face. No, the deuce a bit; yet to my Knowledge she has a Lover that's ready to hang himself. Oh, but you shall be in love up to the Ears, *Mademoiselle*, before you go three Steps farther.

CELIA.

Cruel and ungrateful Wretch that I am! What Tortures does he this Minute undergo, for loving me? Even now, though I fear, too late, I perceive that the Power of Love is wonderfully great, and that there is no escaping his Vengeance. How much have I been to blame, in refusing and repulsing him who loves me better than he does himself. Shall I always continue as insensible as Marble? Am I to live and die a Maid? Alas, I can blame no body but myself; 'tis all my own Folly. How you sing to me ye little Birds, and teach me my Lesson! How kind a Mother is Nature, to instruct me by your Musick, and little Sports, that all Creatures must necessarily associate with their Fellows! But I pray you, sol-
licite

licite me no more with your warblings, nor endeavour to amuse me with your Love-Scenes; for too well I understand your Meaning. These, as they can afford me no real Delight, so they make me fancy myself the most unhappy Creature in the World. When alas, will my Love return? I fear I have quite banish'd him by my Cruelty, yet sure he will return, if he loves as much as I do now. Oh tedious absence! But if he comes again, how tenderly will I receive him? He shall no more complain of the hard Usage, he has experienc'd hitherto.

CUPID.

*Away, said the Girl, get you gone for a Fool,
I hate to be plagu'd with a fumbling Tool.*

So, now 'tis just as it should be; the good Lady's exactly in Tune.

MERCURY.

Isn't it a very hard Case, that no sooner can I get to my Journies end, whether it be to Heaven or Earth, but both Gods and Men are always asking, What News MERCURY? One had need have an Ocean of News to satisfy 'em all. Now I'll contrive how to cut out a Piece of News for 'em. I'll make this Horse speak to his Master: This will be some-
O thing

thing like News at least. GARGABANADO, PHORBANTAS, SARMOTORAGOS. What a Plague am I about! I had like to have pronounc'd all the Words aloud, that are necessary to make Beasts speak. I'm a cursed Fool, now I consider on't: If there had been any one within Ear-shot, he might have learn'd the whole Trick.

PHLEGON.

' There was once a Time when Beasts could speak: And if the Faculty of Speech had not been taken away from us, as it is not from you, you would not find us such Beasts as you do.

STATIUS.

In the Name of Wonder, what's this? By all the Gods, my Horse speaks!

PHLEGON.

Speak? Yes indeed; and why should I not? Because you Men only retain the Gift of Speaking, and we poor Beasts cannot understand one another's Meaning, for lack of Speech, you have usurp'd an absolute Power over us. You not only use all manner of Liberties in talking of us, but you also get upon our Backs, whip us and spur us; we are forc'd to carry you, cloath you, and nourish you; and you sell us, slay us, and eat us. How comes

comes all this to pass? Because we cannot speak: But if we could speak, and offer our Reasons, you would, (or should) have so much Humanity, that after Hearing us, you would, I presume, treat us after another manner.

STATIUS.

Heav'n defend me! This is the most wonderful thing that ever was heard of. Pray good Gentlemen, come and listen to this wonder, otherwise you won't believe it. By Heaven my Horse speaks!

ARDELIO.

What means yonder Crowd of People? I'll go see what's the Matter.

STATIUS.

Did'st ever know the like, ARDELIO? By JUPITER my Horse speaks!

ARDELIO.

Ay! That's a Wonder indeed: And what does he say?

STATIUS.

I can't tell what; for I'm in such a Maze to hear Words come out of a Horse's Mouth, that I can't remember one Word he says.

ARDELIO.

Stop a little, we'll hear what he has to say.
Stand off Gentlemen; make a Ring; you'll
see as well at a Distance, as near.

STATIUS.

Well, now PHLEGON thou may'st speak,
and be heard.

PHLEGON.

Good Gentlemen; Since it has graciously
pleas'd MERCURY, to restore me to my
Speech, spare the time to hear a poor Animal
speak in his own Cause. I must desire to in-
form you, that this Man, my Master, gives
me the hardest Usage in the World. He not
only whips me, spurs me, and lets me starve,
but

STATIUS.

I let thee starve?

PHLEGON.

Yes, you let me starve.

STATIUS.

'Tis a Lye, by JUPITER, and if you pre-
tend to maintain it, I'll cut your Throat.

ARDE-

ARDELIO.

Soft, soft, you wou'd not be so mad sure,
as to kill a talking Horse. He'll be the finest
Present for King PROLOMY that ever was
seen: He's worth more than his Weight in
Gold: Therefore take heed what you do:
Don't hurt a Hair of him.

STATIUS.

What makes him tell Lyes then?

PHLEGON.

Don't you remember, that the last time you
receiv'd Hire for four of us, you told us the
following Story in the Stable. *You have Hay
and Straw enough; make the most on't; you
shall have but such a Quantity of Oats per
Diem; and the remainder of the Money shall
serve me to Night for a Wench, a Beef-Stake,
and a Bottle.*

STATIUS.

You had better have held your Tongue, I
can tell y'e.

PHLEGON.

Well, all this I can bear with Patience.
But if I happen to meet with a Mare at the
Time when the Hey-day of our Blood is up,
(which is but once a Year) he won't suffer me
to

to Ride ; yet I let him ride me every Day of my Life. You Men have one Law for your selves and another for your Neighbours. You are for enjoying your natural Pleasures, yet deny them to others, and especially to us poor Beasts. How many Wenches have I seen you convey into the Hay-loft? How often have I been Witness to your righteous Conduct? I don't desire as many Mares, as you have Madams. But I cannot think it any ways unreasonable, when we happen to go into the Country in our Love Month, that I may be permitted to take one little Flourish at least. Now he has rode me these six Years, and I have been an utter Stranger to any such thing, all this while.

ARDELIO.

By my Life thou talk'st Reason, my Friend. Thou art the most gentile Horse, the most noble Beast in the World: And here's my Hand: I have a fine Mare at thy Service: Thou shalt have her with all my Soul, because thou art an honest Heart, and do'st deserve her: Use her at thy Pleasure; for my part, I should be glad to have a Colt, were it only that I might say, *This is the Breed of the speaking Horse.*

STATIUS.

By my Soul, I'll watch your Waters, since you are so wise: Come, stir up! trot on briskly, unless you intend that I should lay this Cudgel about you.

ARDELIO.

Farewell Friend, thou seem'st in a pittiful Taking, about the Tales that thy Horse has told of thee.

STATIUS.

When I once get him into the Stable, I'll hear, in the Name of the Furies, what a fine Speaker he is.

ARDELIO.

Well, I should never have believ'd that a Horse spoke, had not I seen and heard him. This Horse is worth a Hundred Millions of Crowns. A Hundred Millions of Crowns! one cannot set too great a Value upon him. I'll go and relate this Matter to Master CERDONIUS: He'll be sure to infer it in his Annals.

MERCURY.

This is something like News however. I wish there had been a little more Company in the Place, when I play'd this Prank. The
Noise

Noise on't will run through all the City in half an hour. One or another will write an Account of it, and it may be, embellish it with some Invention of his own. I don't doubt but one may hear on't at the Booksellers before Night. But I must let alone News; and do my Business; especially I must find out the City Cryer, and try if I can recover this Devil of a Book.





CYMBALUM MUNDI.

DIALOGUE IV.

ACTEON'S DOGS.

The ARGUMENT.

Two Dogs which formerly belong'd to ACTEON, discourse of the difference between a Publick Life, and a Private one, and of the foolish Curiosity of Men, for new and extraordinary Things.

HYLACTOR and PAMPHAGUS, DOGS.

HYLACTOR.

WOULD to ANUBIS I could meet with one *Dog* that could speak, understand, and reason like my self, how well satisfy'd should I be! For I'll never pretend to speak, unless it be to one of my Fellow *Dogs*. Yet I am well assur'd, that would I but utter the least

P.

Word

Word before Men, I should be the happiest *Dog* in the Universe: I should be thought too valuable a Domestick for any King or Prince upon Earth. Had I ever said but as much as I have already at this time, in any human Company, the News of it had, e're now, reach'd the *Indies*. *At such a Place is to be seen a speaking Dog*, would have been in every one's Mouth. People would have come to see me from all Parts of the World, and spared no Cost to hear me perform: And those that had seen me, might have come off scot-free in all Company, only for recounting the wonderful Things that issued from my Mouth. The like I dare swear was never heard of since the World began. I'll take care to say nothing before any human Creature, till I have found a Dog that can speak as well as myself; for 'tis not impossible that there may be such a one in the World. If the least Word should escape me within human hearing, I know well enough I should presently have a crowd about me, expecting to hear more. Perhaps too, I might be worship'd in *Greece*, so curious is Mankind in Matters of Novelty. Hitherto I have not let slip a Word, nor will I till some Dog speak to me first. Yet what a hard thing is it to hold one's Peace, especially when one has a great deal to say, which is my Case! However, when I am alone, and well assur'd that no-body can hear me,

me,

me. I have various ways of diverting myself. Sometimes I talk to myself, and so am eas'd of the fulness of my Heart. At others, I take a walk in the Streets, when every body is a bed, and by way of Pastime, call some one of our Neighbours by his Name, who putting his Head out of Window and seeing no-body, begins to fret, and I to laugh. And whenever my Fellow Dogs assemble together upon any Exploit, I am sure to be one of 'em, that I may talk with Freedom among 'em, and see if any of them can understand me, and do the like, which would be a great Comfort to me, and what I most desire of all Things in the World: So, when we are at play, and lugg one another's Ears, I always whisper something, calling 'em by their Names, and asking them if they can speak, which startles 'em as much as the Sound of the Huntsman's Horn. For seeing no one whom they suppose can speak, they begin to consider whether I am a Man in the Shape of a Dog, or a speaking Dog. Sometimes I cry out *Murder! Murder, Good People, Murder!* Upon which all the Neighbourhood leap out of their Beds, and run to the Windows, but finding no such matter, they very quietly return to Bed again. Then I move into the next Street, and bawl out as loud as I am able, *Thieves, Thieves, the Doors are broke open!* As soon as the good Folks are rous'd, I silyly turn the Corner, and

there I cry out *Fire! Fire! the House is all over in a Flame!* Then out they sally Men and Women, in an instant, some in their Shifts, and some naked, and begin to call out, *Where is it? where is it?* And after diligently searching into every Corner, and finding no Danger, they go to sleep again. After having thus run over the Frolicks of my *Noctes Atticae*, to the Chapter, *Qui sunt leves & importuni Loquatores*, a little before Day, I divert myself with Eves dropping, under some Chamber Window, or with removing some Usurers hidden Treasure, and leaving Stones, or Bones, in its Room; and if I chance to meet the Watch, I bite two or three of them, then scamper away, and cry out, *Let him catch me that can.* Yet after all, it sadly grieves me, that I cannot meet with a Dog who can speak as well as myself, though I have a strong Presumption, that if there be any such in the World, I shall find him out some time or other. Yonder goes GARGALIVS with all his Dogs; I'll go try if any of 'em can speak. Save ye, my Brothers of the Game: Your Servant Mr. Spaniel; yours Mr. Grey-hound: All as mute as Fishes! Not a Syllable from 'em! Is not this a Pity? Then since it is so, that I cannot meet with one that is capable of returning me an Answer, I'll try if it be in the Power of Herbs to deprive me of the Faculty of Speech too. Far happier
were

were it for me to be dumb, than thus miserably to languish with the desire of talking, and not find Ears fit to hear what I have to utter. Here's another still; Hark y'e Curr, Can y'e understand what a Body says ty'e?

PAMPHAGUS.

Who dost thou call Curr? Curr in thy Teeth.

HYLACTOR.

Oh! my dear Friend, I ask you ten Thousand Pardons; pray give me leave to embrace you: You are he whom I have been most desirous of seeing of all the Dogs in the World. One skip for the Honour of DIANA, who has conferr'd this Happiness upon me; another for ANUBIS, and this last for CERBERUS. Pray, dear Friend, your Name, if you please.

PAMPHAGUS.

PAMPHAGUS.

HYLACTOR.

What, PAMPHAGUS! my Cousin *Pamphagus*? Sure you must know HYLACTOR then.

PAM-

PAMPHAGUS.

HYLACTOR; yes, intimately well; pray where is he?

HYLACTOR.

Here, at your Service.

PAMPHAGUS.

Indeed! My Friend HYLACTOR! Well, I vow I did not know y'e; one of your Ears, I think is somewhat dock't, and you have a sort of a Scarr upon your Forehead; Pray how came this to pass?

HYLACTOR.

Ask me no more Questions upon that Subject; 'tis not worth talking of: Let's mind other Matters; and I prithee where hast thou led thy Life? What has befallen thee since we lost our good Master ACTEON?

PAMPHAGUS.

Oh sad Remembrance! Thou renewest my Grievs: How much did I lose in his Death, my good Friend HYLACTOR! Before that time I fatten'd in the midst of Plenty, but now alas, I do little better than Starve.

HYLAC.

HYLACTOR.

In troth we had a fine time on't then; those were Golden Days; *Acteon* was a generous Soul; a Gentleman every inch of him: He lov'd a Dog as he lov'd himself: Then we might rove in the Kitchen, or in the Larder, and no one dar'd to lift up a Finger against us. For'twas his expresse Command that we should be well fed.

PAMPHAGUS.

All this is true. But the Master I now live with, is a quite different sort of Person. He does not care a straw for us; nor do his Servants take any care about feeding us; but if we are found in the Kitchen, they worry, and bastinado us at such a rate, that 'tis well if we escape without broken Bones.

HYLACTOR.

Since it is so, my Friend PAMPHAGUS, you must have Patience. The best Remedy that I know for present Grievances, is to forget past Pleasures, and hope for Pleasures to come. Whereas, on the contrary, to remember past Evils, without any dreadful Apprehensions of the like, or worse, adds a relish to the present Good. But if you please, my dear Cousin PAMPHAGUS, we'll leave the rest of your Companions to pursue the Hare, whilst

whilst we step aside a little, and chatt at leisure.

PAMPHAGUS.

With all my Heart, but we must be as expeditious as possible.

HYLACTOR.

As you will for that. It may be we mayn't meet again a good while. I have a thousand Things to say to thee, and as many to hear of thee. Here we'll halt. They won't be able to spy us in this little Thicket; besides, their Game does not lie this Way. First of all, then, let me ask you, if you can tell me the Reason why you and I speak, and all other Dogs in the Universe are dumb. For I could never find but you alone that could understand me, and I have try'd Millions in my Time.

PAMPHAGUS.

Why, you may remember, that MELANCHERES THERIDAMAS DESITROPHUS, your Worship, and my self, fell upon our good Master ACTEON, whom DIANA had been pleas'd to transform into a Stag, and so mangled him, that he dy'd upon the Spot. You must know then, as I have since understood from a certain Book which we have in our Family ----- H Y.

HYLACTOR.

You can read then ? Where learnt you that ?

PAMPHAGUS.

That you shall know anon: But let me make an End of my Story first. You are to take Notice, that when we were all hot at work upon him, I happened to fasten upon his Tongue, which then hung out of his Mouth, and took off a good piece of it, which I swallowed. Now the History says, that 'twas this which made me speak; for such was the Goddess's Pleasure. But because I was never heard to utter Word by Men, this has been ever look'd upon as a Fable: for upon the strictest Search, no Dog has been found that eat of ACTEON's Tongue, yet the Story says there were two of 'em.

HYLACTOR.

Then by JUPITER, I am the other: I remember perfectly that I devour'd a handsome Morsel of it; but I never imagin'd that my Speech came to me that way.

PAMPHAGUS.

I assure you 'twas even so, for so it is written.

HYLACTOR.

'Tis a great Happiness t'ye, that you are so conversant among Books that contain such extraordinary Truths. 'Tis a delicate amusement, I would to DIANA that I knew as much as you do.

PAMPHAGUS.

And I would to DIANA, I had never known what I know: Neither Knowledge, nor the Faculty of Speech are of any Importance to a Dog: He has properly no other Business than to bark at Strangers, watch the House, fawn upon the Servants, go a hunting, catch Hares, gnaw Bones, lick Plates, and follow his Master.

HYLACTOR.

'Tis true: But yet Knowledge is a fine Thing: Did you never discover to Mankind, that you could speak?

PAMPHAGUS.

Never.

HYLACTOR.

Why so?

PAMPHAGUS.

Because I didn't care to do it, I chose rather to hold my Tongue.

HY-

HYLACTOR.

Yet you know, that would you speak in the Presence of Man, every Body both in Town and Country would run to hear you. And would it not be a goodly Sight to behold ten thousand People listening t'ye and admiring ye.

PAMPHAGUS.

Why look ye, I have consider'd the Matter very deliberately, and cannot discern any Advantage likely to arise from that Quarter. The Glory would be very insignificant, and I should be oblig'd to wrangle and Dispute with every little impertinent Coxcomb. I know very well, that I should be fed, comb'd, drest up in Ribbons, and made much of: In short, that I should be treated in quite another Manner than the Nature of a Dog requires; but-----

HYLACTOR.

And would you not like to live in some fort, as Men live?

PAMPHAGUS.

As Men live! I swear by CERBERUS, and his three Heads, that I had much rather live like a very Dog as I am, than in any wise resemble Men in their miserable way of Living. And were it only for the infinite deal

of Prattle which must inevitably be utter'd among 'em, I should abominate their Conversation.

HYLACTOR.

I am not of your Opinion. True it is, that I did never yet speak before them. But I should not have scrupled it, had it not been for my particular Caprice of first finding out some other speaking Dog; for I should live better, and more honourably. My Word would be more regarded than any Man's alive. No sooner should I open my Mouth, than every one would hearken to me with Attention. Don't I know the Temper of Mankind? That they slight Things which they have been used and accustomed to, and affect those that are new, strange, or impossible? So foolish is their Curiosity, that if a Feather should rise it self off the Ground, they'd be all staring at it.

PAMPHAGUS.

Nothing is more certain, than that they would choose rather to hear any Creature else speak than one of themselves. But consider too, that at a long run, they would be tired even with your Harangues. A Present is never so valuable as at the Moment it is given. I never could enjoy LICISCA with such a Gust as I did the first Time. A Collar is never so new as when 'tis first put on :
Time

Time, in short, makes all Things decay, and spoils the Grace of their Novelty. Were it no uncommon Thing to hear *Dogs* speak, then would their Words be disregarded, and every one would be listening to what should proceed from the Mouth of a *Cat*, an *Ox*, a *Goat*, a *Sheep*, an *Ass*, a *Hog*, a *Flea*, a *Bird*, a *Fish*, or any other *Animal*, should it so fall out that any should speak. Pray where would be your Advantage then? Upon the whole, if you think seriously, you will find, 'tis better you have never spoken at all, than that you had been speaking all your Life time.

HYLACTOR.

But I can't forbear much longer.

PAMPHAGUS.

I'll tell you then how Matters will befall you. You'll be admired for a good while; You'll be fed with the choicest Bits; diligent Attendance will be given you; I think, indeed, you'll hardly be ask'd what Wine you like best, because you drink none: For all other Things you need only ask and have. Yet you won't be so much at Liberty as you may desire; sometimes you'll be forc'd to talk when you'd much rather be asleep. And at last, perhaps, they'll be quite weary of you. But 'tis time for us to return to our Company. Let's join 'em, and seem as if we ran hard, and are out of Breath.

HY-

HYLACTOR.

What's that which lies in yonder Path?

PAMPHAGUS.

'Tis a Packet of Letters which somebody has dropt.

HYLACTOR.

Prithce open it and let's know what's in it, since you have such a knack at Reading.

PAMPHAGUS.

TO THE UPPER ANTIPODES.

HYLACTOR.

To the Upper Antipodes ! I fancy 'twill prove to be some remarkable Piece of News.

PAMPHAGUS.

THE LOWER ANTIPODES TO THE UPPER ANTIPODES.

HYLACTOR.

Good Gods! Do they Correspond at such a Distance?

PAMPHAGUS.

Gentlemen of the UPPER ANTIPODES.

OUT of the great Desire that we have of carrying on a good Understanding with you, to the end that we may be acquainted

ed with your manner of Living, and you with ours; according to the Counsel of the Stars, we have sent certain Gentlemen among us, through the Centre of the Earth, towards your Territories; but you being apprised thereof, have stopp'd up the Hole on your Side, so that they are forc'd to remain in the Bowels of the Earth. Now we pray you, that you would be graciously pleas'd to permit them to pass; which if you refuse to do, we resolve to sally upon you in such Numbers, that you shall not know where to hide your Heads: So that what we now entreat you to do, out of your own Good Will, and Love; you shall be compell'd to by Force of Arms, to your great Shame and Confusion. God bless you.

Your Good Friends

THE LOWER ANTIPODES.

This is News indeed!

HYLACTOR.

'Tis so, and strange News too.

PAMPHAGUS.

Hark; they hallow after me. I must be gone; we'll read the rest of the Letters another Time.

HY-

HYLACTOR.

But where wilt thou put them. Hide 'em in some Hole of that *Pyramid*, and cover 'em with a Stone. Nobody'll find 'em. Then we'll come and read 'em some time to Day when we are at Leisure, or To-morrow, when the *Saturnalia* begin. For I hope we shall find a good deal of remarkable News. I'd likewise advise you, to learn several pleasant Stories which I have heard told, as the Tale of PROMETHEUS; the Tale of HERCULES of Libia; the Tale of the Judgment of PARIS; the Tale of the fierce EURUS, and that of the Cock and the Bull, if you ever heard of it.

PAMPHAGUS.

I'm very well acquainted with all these Things; but prithee let's make Haste and hold our Peace, least the Sports-men, that are just at Hand, hear us.

HYLACTOR.

Must I speak no more to Day then? By DIANA that will I, as soon as I get Home, for I can hold no longer. So Farewell.

PAM.

PAMPHAGUS.

Don't forget to open your Mouth, and hold out your Tongue, that you may seem as tho' you have run hard.

PAMPHAGUS (*alone.*)

This foolish HYLACTOR cannot help talking, to the end that the World may not help talking of him. He'll be sure to say enough, to get the whole City about him in half an Hour; so great is the Curiosity of Men towards Things that are New and out of the way.

FINIS.



CYMBALUM MUNDI

TAMPHAGUS

Don't forget to open your mouth and hold
out your tongue that you may learn as the
you have the hand

TAMPHAGUS (2nd)

The foolish ill-actor cannot help
himself. He is old and may not
be able to lay
down his in
dividual part
of the
towns. The
way



THE

